

# L I T E R A R Y *Cavalcade*

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES



The Magic of Music Reaches the Millions *Crescendo* • A Lithograph by Mervin Jules

OCTOBER, 1950 • VOLUME 3 • NUMBER 1

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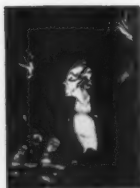
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# LITERARY Cavalcade

TEACHER EDITION • OCTOBER, 1950 • VOL. 3, NO. 1

## Lesson Plans Topics for Discussion Activities Vocabulary Reading Lists

### Motivation

About what selection in this issue would you be most likely to say: "Why, I've had an experience—or feeling—like that! Only mine was somewhat different. This is the way it happened to me . . .?"

### Topics for Discussion

#### 1. "The House" (p. 1)

You'll recall that every time the narrator "revisits" the house of her dream and tries to pick the flowers, they fade. What meaning do you attach to this circumstance? Have you ever experienced a similar "dream disappointment"? If so, tell the rest of the class about it. Comment on the narrator's statement: "I longed to go inside the house, but no one would answer me." What do you make of the woman's determination to find the house of her dreams? In the story she finds it—but does the pursuit of ideal happiness always work out so neatly in real life? Explain. Give your interpretation of the ending of this story.

#### 2. "As the Eagle Kills" (p. 4)

Why do you suppose the possession of an American rifle meant so much to Nongba? What factors make the hunt of the golden eagle especially perilous? What qualities of the superior hunter does Nongba have? In any sport—hunting, football, basketball, etc.—is it success that counts? Give reasons for your answer. Are there things about Nongba and Nongba's way of life that the American doesn't understand? Explain. Does Nongba have equal difficulty in "getting through" to the American? If so, how do you explain the cultural barrier? Need such a barrier exist? How do you interpret Nongba's remark to the American: "Yours must be the mightiest tribe of them all . . ."? Have you ever been hunting and found yourself in a very tight spot? If so, tell the rest of the class a little about it.

#### 3. "Rawhide" (p. 9)

What was your reaction to Rawhide's remark to DeVoto: ". . . what good was college if it didn't learn a man about tungsten?" Why do you suppose DeVoto dropped a promising career at Harvard to follow with Rawhide the will-o'-the-wisp of sudden wealth? Does

you or one of your friends has had, b. Did you ever find yourself in a situation where you "had to get along" with a person or group from a different country and culture? In a 250-word theme, describe how you handled the problem.

#### 4. "Nonstop to the Moon" (p. 13)

Was it refreshing for you to read about a *constructive* use for some of our recent scientific discoveries? Give reasons for your answer. In your opinion is the scientific background of "Nonstop to the Moon" sound in every respect? Besides a firm grasp on scientific phenomena, what, in your opinion, is the chief requisite for a good science-fiction writer? Illustrate your point by referring specifically to one or two of the best science-fiction pieces you've read recently. Have you seen the recent movies, *Rocket Ship X-M* or *Destination Moon*? Were they as convincing as "Nonstop to the Moon"? Why or why not?

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How does Arthur Miller introduce the theme of his radio play? Is it an effective beginning? Explain. Comment on the reasons given by the people on the ferry for visiting the Statue of Liberty. Do you think we tend to take our American freedoms—and their symbols—too much for granted? Explain. What lesson does Old Monaghan learn from his visit to the Statue? Is the light tone in which this play is written especially appropriate? Explain. Do you have a relative who reminds you of Grandpa Monaghan? If so, tell the rest of the class about him.

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- Try to recall in detail a recent dream you've had, preferably a funny one, and write it up briefly.
- Make a dream—real or imaginary—the theme of an essay, poem, or short story.
- Take as the topic for a term paper the literature of dreams—it's a fascinating theme that includes such great names as Homer, Vergil, and Chaucer.

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- If you belong to your high-school—or a sandlot—baseball team, make a

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Write a biographical sketch with this quotation as your starting point: "And if failure impelled him to live the shining heroisms of imaginary men . . . well, which of us doesn't?"

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With the help of three of your classmates, present a panel discussion on the topic, "Can hunting always be justified on moral grounds?" Try to find the exceptions, if any.

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Write a science-fiction story describing the effect on the world of the future of some recent scientific discovery you've discussed in class or read about in the newspapers.

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Write a poem, essay, or short story based upon your own childhood experience of escape from reality into a dream world of your own creating.

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- As an exercise in oral English and dramatic exposition, ask a group of classmates to join you in reading this play aloud before the rest of the class.
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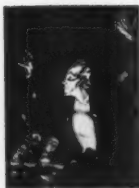
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# One-Period Lesson Plan

## Aim

To use the material in this issue to encourage all pupils to think constructively about topics that affect them and are related to their own experience; to help them find creative expression for their ideas.

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the short biography of DeVoto (p. 11) give any clues to his reasons? How many of these romantic figures of the old West can you identify: Wild Bill Hickok, Johnny Ringo, Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Tom Horn? Account for DeVoto's somewhat skeptical attitude toward them. Why does DeVoto classify Rawhide as an "artist"? What's your opinion of Rawhide? Have you ever known anyone like him? Explain. What purpose is served by the author's brief reference to the camel on the moon?

### 4. "Nonstop to the Moon" (p. 13)

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### 2. "The Artful Dodgers" (p. 2)

- If you belong to your high-school—or a sandlot—baseball team, make a

collection of the memorable boners, sayings, and victories of your teammates and weave them into a humorous essay.

- Keeping the light touch used by the author of "The Artful Dodgers," write a short biographical sketch of your favorite baseball personality.

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## 9. "Young Voices" (p. 22)

- a. Write an essay or a dramatic narrative about the exploits of your favorite animal. (Note especially William Welch, Jr.'s wonderfully vivid account of a duel-to-the-death between his cat and a woodchuck.)
- b. Write a poem about a festival, holiday, or activity associated with this season of the year.

## 10. "Hot Rod" (p. 24)

- a. Ask three other students to join you in a classroom forum on ways in which teen-age driving in your town can be improved.
- b. Read and report to the rest of the class on Geraldine McCaughan's one-act play, "Afterwards" (*Senior Scholastic*, January 18, 1950, p. 5), or, better still, get several other pupils to join you in a dramatization of this play in class or at a school assembly.

## VOCABULARY EXERCISES

Number from one to 25 on the paper you've just been given. I'm going to read each of the following incomplete sentences to you slowly. Next I shall read the three word choices listed below each sentence. Write opposite the appropriate number on your papers the word that best completes the sentence. When you've finished, exchange papers with a student near you and we'll check the correct answers. Finally you'll be allowed fifteen minutes to use these new words in original sentences.

(Note to teacher: The italicized words are your key to correct answers. You are also given the page and column in *Literary Cavalcade* where the word appears.)

1. The naughty child hoped to appease her mother by bringing home a bunch of \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. *anemones* (p. 1-2)  
b. antitodes  
c. anagrams
2. The acting was so bad that it was difficult to \_\_\_\_\_ the play's real merit.  
a. *assay* (p. 9-2)  
b. assize  
c. assuage
3. In the terminology of miners, "hitting the jackpot" means finding a \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. reagent  
b. vein of pyrites  
c. *bonanza* (p. 9-2)
4. Having filed his claim to the rich vein of ore, the down-and-out prospector began looking around for a \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. panhandle  
b. *grubstake* (p. 9-3)  
c. clambake

5. Rawhide was constantly on the alert for concealed enemies who might try to \_\_\_\_\_ him.  
a. *drygulch* (p. 9-3)  
b. dredge  
c. drydock
6. The parched traveler soon discovered that the desert oasis was only a \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. miasma  
b. morass  
c. *mirage* (p. 9-3)
7. Even at the age of 90, Grandfather holds on to life with remarkable \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. *tenacity* (p. 10-1)  
b. sagacity  
c. alacrity
8. An \_\_\_\_\_ in the face of the mountain revealed the presence of a hidden vein of ore.  
a. enfilade  
b. *outcrop* (p. 10-1)  
c. influx
9. "I can't use any man," the explorer said, "who hasn't a superior knowledge of the \_\_\_\_\_ of this region."  
a. typography  
b. *topography* (p. 10-2)  
c. trigonometry
10. She was wearing a moth-eaten fur that looked like some \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. *antediluvian* (p. 11-1)  
b. philanthropic  
c. anticlimactic
11. Though Uncle Eph used to \_\_\_\_\_ money from all his relatives, he never got a cent from me.  
a. cage  
b. cashew  
c. *cadge* (p. 11-1)
12. It would take someone more expert than I to determine what geological age had produced this \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. frieze  
b. fulcrum  
c. *fossil* (p. 11-1)
13. The animal was a regular monster—fully as large as a \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. digitalis  
b. dervish  
c. *dinosaur* (p. 11-1)
14. The \_\_\_\_\_ on her overseas cap identified her as a member of the Army Nurse Corps.  
a. intaglio  
b. *insigne* (p. 13-1)  
c. inscription
15. Sentries had been posted on the \_\_\_\_\_ of the fortress.  
a. battledores  
b. bassoons  
c. *battlements* (p. 13-2)
16. As a candidate for the Ph.D., the young botanist wrote his dissertation on \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. photogravure  
b. *photosynthesis* (p. 13-3)  
c. phototelegraphy

17. A curious phosphorescent light seemed to \_\_\_\_\_ from the walls of the cave.  
a. *emanate* (p. 14-1)  
b. emigrate  
c. emulate
18. Completing the picture of decay was a broken-down barn and an ancient \_\_\_\_\_ house.  
a. *dilapidated* (p. 14-1)  
b. depleted  
c. deleted
19. The battle-weary marine lay \_\_\_\_\_ on his bunk, feet up and hands behind his head.  
a. prone  
b. *supine* (p. 14-1)  
c. supercilious
20. Cereals that haven't been thoroughly \_\_\_\_\_ are considered as a possible source of insect pest on Lunar Base.  
a. eradicated  
b. *irradiated* (p. 14-1)  
c. irrigated
21. A slab of rock, weighing about 100 \_\_\_\_\_, had been torn from the face of the precipice.  
a. kilowatts  
b. kilometers  
c. *kilograms* (p. 14-3)
22. "In my house-of-the-future," the architect explained, "\_\_\_\_\_ windows will offset the direct rays of the sun."  
a. galvanized  
b. vulcanized  
c. *polarized* (p. 15-2)
23. About one o'clock in the morning, when you're getting your best hours of sleep, all the kids in the block start wailing like \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. bantams  
b. *banshees* (p. 22-3)  
c. bandoleers
24. The eyes of the Moslem chief glittered as he drew his bright \_\_\_\_\_ from its sheath.  
a. scarab  
b. *scimitar* (p. 23-1)  
c. scalpel
25. "Don't stand there gnashing your \_\_\_\_\_ at me!" the girl cried indignantly.  
a. *incisors* (p. 23-1)  
b. icons  
c. incisions

## Answers to "What Do You Remember?"

*Nonstop to the Moon*: 1-D, 2-A, 3-D, 4-D, 5-A, 6-A, 7-D, 8-D, 9-D, 10-A.  
*Rawhide*: a-3, b-4, c-5, d-1, e-2.  
*As the Eagle Kills*: a-2, b-3, c-2, d-1, e-2.

**She was haunted by a house  
she had seen only in her dreams**

# The House

By ANDRE MAUROIS

*Translated from the French by Jacques Chambrun*

"FIVE years ago, when I was so very ill," she said, "I noticed I had the same dream every night. I would walk in the country and, from afar, would see a house, white, low, and long, surrounded by a grove of lindens. At the left of the house a meadow edged with poplars made a pleasing break in the symmetry of the background, and the tops of these trees, which could be seen from a distance, swayed above the lindens.

"In my dream I was drawn to this house and would walk towards it. At the entrance was a gate, painted white. Then I would follow a gracefully curv-

ing path, bordered by trees, under which I would find spring flowers, primroses, periwinkles, and anemones, which faded the moment I picked them. Then the path ended, and I was within a few steps of the house.

"In front of it was a large lawn, clipped like English turf, and almost bare, with only one long bed of violet, red, and white flowers, which produced a delightful effect in this green stretch. The house, of white stone, had a huge roof of blue slate. The door, of light-colored oak, with carved panels, was at the head of a short flight of steps. I longed to go inside the house, but no one would answer me. I was greatly disappointed; I rang, I shouted, and at last I would awake.

"Such was my dream, and it was repeated month after month with such precision and fidelity that I ended by thinking I certainly must have seen this park and this chateau in my childhood. However, in my waking state I could not visualize it, and the quest for it became so strong an obsession that one summer, having learned to drive a small car, I decided to spend my vacation on the highways of France, seeking the house of my dream.

"I shall not tell you my travels in detail. I explored Normandy, Touraine, Poitou; but I found nothing. In October I returned to Paris, and all winter long I went on dreaming about the white house. Last spring I resumed my drives through the country about Paris. One day, while on a hill near Orléans, I suddenly felt an agreeable shock, that curious emotion one feels when recognizing after long absence people or places one has loved. Although I had never been in this region before, I recognized perfectly the country which lay at my right. The tops of poplars crowned a grove of linden trees. Through their foliage, still sparse, one sensed that there was a house.

"Then I knew that I had found the

chateau of my dreams. Quite naturally, I knew that, a hundred yards farther on, a narrow road would cut the highway. I took it. It led me to a white gate, and there was the path I had so often followed. Beneath the trees I admired the soft colored carpet formed by the periwinkles, primroses, and anemones. When I came out from under the arching lindens, I could see the green lawn and the small stoop, at the top of which was the door of light-colored oak. I got out of my car, walked rapidly up the steps, and rang the bell. I was very much afraid nobody would answer, but almost immediately a servant appeared. He was a man with a melancholy face, very old, wearing a black coat. Upon seeing me he seemed surprised, and looked at me attentively without speaking.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I am going to make a strange request. I do not know the owners of this house, but I should greatly appreciate their permission to see it."

"The chateau is to let, Madame," he said. "I am here to show it."

"To let?" I said. "What an unexpected piece of luck! How is it the owners themselves aren't living in this fascinating house?"

"The owners did live in it, Madame. They left only when the house became haunted."

"Haunted?" I said. "That certainly won't stop me. I did not know that in the French countryside they still believed in ghosts."

"I shouldn't believe it either, Madame," he said in all seriousness, "if I had not myself so often met at night in the park the ghost that drove my masters away."

"What a story!" I exclaimed, trying to smile, but not without a strange uneasiness.

"A story," said the old man with an air of reproach, "that you, least of all, Madame, should laugh at, since that ghost was you."

"The chateau is to let, Madame," he said, "I am here to show it."

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Those wonderful Brooklyn Bums and how they got that way

# The Artful Dodgers

By BENNETT CERF

Illustration by Carl Rose

**A**LL Brooklyn was divided into three parts: Williamsburg, Flatbush, and Bushwick, but that was before the Dodgers came, saw, and conquered. This baseball team, admitted without fanfare to the National League in 1890, was destined to weld every last babbling Brooklynite into a fellowship of fanatical loyalty, and make the name "Dodgers" sacred in the Borough.

The exploits of Dodger players—good, bad, and incredible—and the even more astonishing behavior of their partisans, have become not only part of our American folklore, but common knowledge in world outposts thousands of miles from the nearest baseball diamond. Students of primitive savage rites have watched a ball game at Ebbets Field and hurried home to add a hair-raising new chapter to their textbooks. A Hollywood director who dared to produce a war picture without a Brooklyn sergeant who wondered how "dem Bums was makin' out against de Giants" was crated off to New Mexico to be used as a fuse for the atom bomb experiment.

Ebbets Field itself is one of the smallest parks in the major leagues. Its absolute capacity is under 35,000—less than half that of the Yankee Stadium. The fact that one Brooklyn fan can make more noise than six fans anywhere else convinced many radio addicts that the figures were the other way round. When 150,000 determined citizens try to get into 30,000-odd seats, tempers flare high and so do prices. The management now designates as "box seats" locations directly behind the center fielder that went begging at a quarter a throw when I was a boy. Dodger fans do not protest. They even endure a character named Cowbell Hilda, who would have been murdered long ago in a less tolerant community. Hilda has supplemented her original cowbell with a variety of other ear-drum-shattering devices, and nobody would be particularly surprised if one

day she turned up with a steam calliope. Another group has organized itself into a jazz band, and marches in the stands playing something that resembles music. If they get any better, owner Branch Rickey may let them into the park for half-price—but on the other hand, Petrillo may decide they are musicians and make them join the union. It's a dilemma, any way you look at it.

As a matter of fact, when Ebbets Field was completed, in time for the 1913 campaign, it seemed plenty big enough for any contingency. Charlie Ebbets, owner of the club, had had a tough time making ends meet. Even Brooklyn fans had tired of supporting chronic tail-enders. Their nickname was based on the popular idea that everybody in Brooklyn spends his time dodging trolley cars. Ebbets, however, was dodging the sheriff. When he announced his intention of building a new ball park in a section of Flatbush decorated principally at the moment by unpainted shacks, pig sties, and flop-houses, his friends hooted and his bankers fled. But Mr. Ebbets had a way with him, and the new home of the Brooklyn ball team gradually arose on the site of an inelegant garbage dump. To this day disgruntled fans can be found to point out that the transformation was never quite completed.

The modern era of the Dodgers really began in 1914, when Ebbets installed as manager the rotund and genial Wilbert Robinson, erstwhile catcher on the famous Baltimore Oriole squad, which also included John McGraw, Hughie Jennings, and Wee Willie Keeler. The fans cottoned to Robinson's personality immediately. The fond nickname of "Uncle Robbie" was conferred upon him, and the team itself became known as the Robins. Only when Robbie quit sixteen years later was the name "Dodgers" restored—officially, that is. By that time, Brooklyn ball players were "The Bums" to real fans, "be-loved Bums" when they won, plain, un-

adulterated Bums when they frittered games away.

Robbie was neither a stern taskmaster nor too astute a technician. Gradually his teams acquired a reputation for all-around wackiness that enraged supporters at first, but actually became a drawing card as the tradition mellowed. Undisputed kingpin of the era was the fabulous outfielder Floyd "Babe" Herman, but the stage was all set long before his advent in 1926. For instance:

The Dodgers had men on first and second one day, when the man on first suddenly lit out for the keystone sack, forcing the runner ahead of him. "Yeah, I knew he was there," admitted the offender to the outraged Robbie, "but I had such a big lead, I couldn't resist." Another time, with men on first and second and none out, the batter hit a towering fly to right center. The runners hovered close to their bases for fear that the ball would be caught, but the batter lowered his head and went charging around the sacks like a stampeding bull. While the crowd howled, and Robbie tore his hair, the batter galloped past both runners in high gear. The ball fell safe, and all three Dodgers arrived at third in a neck-and-neck finish, the batter first. In the confusion, all three runners stepped uncertainly off the bag, and the rival third baseman had only to tag them to complete a triple play that certainly could never have happened outside of Brooklyn. Robbie consoled himself by reminding the three runners, "That's the first time you guys have gotten together all season."

Another Brooklyn first baseman earned the jeers of the bleacherites by being picked off base, after singling, on a variation of the hoary hidden-ball trick. The rival first-sacker tucked the ball under a corner of the bag, and simulated a return throw to the pitcher. When the runner took his lead, the fielder reached down, pulled out the ball, and plastered it on him. The runner thought enough of this trick to try it himself when another team—the Boston Braves—visited Ebbets Field. After

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a Boston player singled, our hero hid the ball under the first bag, and essayed an attitude of unconcern that would have put a Barrymore to shame. Sure enough, the Boston runner strayed off base, and the triumphant mastermind reached down for the ball. Unfortunately, however, he had tucked it so far under the base that by the time he managed to pry it loose, the runner was perching contentedly on third. On his way back to the bench, he was called names by grandstand critics that even Dodger players never had heard before.

The only time Uncle Robbie really blew his top was during a training season in Florida, when he rashly informed the reporters with the team that he could catch a ball thrown from an airplane two thousand feet in the air. He was given an opportunity to substantiate this claim, and a big crowd gathered to watch developments. Robbie did his part nobly, but some dastardly pranksters had substituted an over-ripe grapefruit for the baseball, and when it plummeted into his mitt, the juice blinded him momentarily. "Help!" he hollered, "I'm bleeding to death." On that same trip, a rookie discovered four ducks paddling contentedly in his bathtub. Team members opined that the ducks must have flown in through the tenth-story window. "I guess that's right," said the rookie, "but how did they turn the water on?"

The arrival of Babe Herman reduced all previous exploits of the Dodgers' Daffiness Demons to child's play. Herman was a wonderful batter (he averaged .381 in 1929 and .393 in 1930), but his fielding lapses were spectacular, and when he got on the base paths, nobody, including himself, had the faintest idea what was going to happen next.

One episode generally attributed to

Herman casts him in the role of pinch-hitter, with the Dodgers two runs down in the ninth inning, and men on second and third. An inside pitch caught the handle of his bat and trickled into the dirt around home plate. "Fair ball," decreed the umpire. "Foul ball," decreed Herman. The opposing catcher whipped off his mask and threw the pellet neatly into right field. The right fielder fell on his ear. The two runners scored the tying runs. Babe Herman, however, refused to enter into the spirit of the occasion. "I say it's a foul ball, you blank blank robber," he insisted, poking the umpire in the ribs. The ball was relayed finally into the plate, the catcher tagged Herman, and the umpire remarked quietly, "You're out!" The runs, of course, didn't count, and the Dodgers had dropped another contest.

In due course, Herman disappeared from the Dodger dugout, and so did Manager Robinson, to be followed in turn by Max Carey and Casey Stengel. Stengel made his debut as pilot in 1934, the year when Bill Terry, leader of the Giants, made a crack in spring training that bounced back to hit him between the eyes. Somebody asked him, "How do you think Brooklyn will make out this season?" "Brooklyn," laughed Terry. "Is Brooklyn still in the league?" The Dodgers didn't forget. They licked the Giants in the last two games of the season, and cost them the league championship. The Dodger fans didn't forget either. To this day, Bill Terry is Brooklyn's Public Enemy Number One, although Noel Coward has been crowding him a bit recently.

The Flatbush Follies continued to pack them in during the regime of Stengel and his merry men. One day an umpire ordered Stengel from the field. Stengel doffed his cap in mock deference, and a sparrow flew out.

Stengel was coaching at third one

afternoon in a ding-dong contest at the Polo Grounds when a Dodger batter named Cuccinello hammered a hit to the bull pen in right field. Ott fielded the ball brilliantly, and threw to third base. "Slide! Slide!" screamed Stengel, but Cuccinello came in standing up, and was tagged out. "I told you to slide," roared Stengel. "You'd have been safe by a mile! Why didn't you do what I told you?" "Slide?" repeated Cuccinello with some dignity, "and bust my cigars?"

Casey Stengel gave way to Burleigh Grimes as manager, and then came the golden era of Larry MacPhail and Leo Durocher, with Burt Shotton on deck, Pennants were won, the crowds grew ever larger, the days of the Daffiness Boys became a nostalgic memory. But even with the ascendancy of so sober and canny a president as Branch Rickey, an indefinable quality keeps Dodger players and supporters in a world somewhat apart.

Only a Brooklyn crowd could have achieved the ecstasy that attended the Dodgers' winning of the 1947 pennant. Arch Murray, in the *New York Post*, described the scene perfectly when he reported, "There's no use going across the East River today to look for Brooklyn. It isn't there. It's floating dreamily on a fluffy, pink cloud, somewhere just this side of Paradise. Flatbush is reeling in mass delirium. The Gowanus is flowing with milk and honey. Because 'Next Year' finally came. Our Bums are in! Pinch me, Moitle, and hold me tight. We're living with the Champions of the National League. . . ."

What if the Yankees won the seventh, and deciding, game of the World Series? What if there were moments (in the second game, for instance) when Dodger outfielders of 1947 seemed bent on eclipsing the antics of Babe Herman himself? The artful Dodgers were aristocrats of the diamond—and, what's more, gave every promise of continuing so for many years to come. The Dodger jazz band (swollen to record size) tooted profoundly while the inevitable Lucy Monroe warbled *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Far above Lucy's sweet notes sounded the protests of Hilda Chester, so enraged by her failure to receive a complimentary strip of series' tickets that she threatened to bring only three cowbells to home games the next season. High up in the press box, a reporter draped his coat carelessly on the outside rail. In the middle of the game, the coat slipped off and descended upon the head of a gent in the grandstand below. It takes more than that to startle a typical Dodger rooter. He looked up at the pressbox and inquired mildly, "Where's de pants?"



To die in this duel was the easy way out; it would

be harder to face the raw revenge of his enemies



## As the Eagle Kills

By HAL G. EVARTS

HE lay among the rocks, camouflaged with grass and bits of brush, peering up at the eagle. The big Tibetan *to-trom* hovered high over the rimrock on motionless outspread wings, golden brown against the morning sun. Nongba Kha drew a long deep breath and screamed again, a shrill keening scream that cut across the silence, sharp and clear—*cac-cac-cac*—rising on the wind. Overhead the eagle circled warily and came planing down toward a jagged spire some two hundred yards from the blind.

For three days, Nongba had studied the habits of this particular eagle through his binoculars, observing it take off and light. Three days of crawling up and down canyons to work within range. Yesterday he had located its perch, a bald lime-whitened pinnacle littered with feathers and the small bones of its prey. Since an hour before dawn he had been waiting, calling at regular intervals, trying to lure the bird down. It had been the hardest stalk of his considerable experience, and he squinted through his rifle sight now with a satisfied grunt.

If he missed, the bird would be gone with the first shot, and no man could drop an eagle in flight, not even with an American rifle. Once he fired, he himself must take flight, for sound carried far in the thin air of the high country—and this was Drokwa land, hostile land. Nongba had weighed these possibilities before, together with their consequences, and he slipped off the safety catch carefully. For a thousand rupees one accepted certain risks.

A perfect specimen, he thought. The

American would be very pleased. If he shot straight, the American would have to keep his bargain.

The eagle glided in toward the rock, talons extended. Nongba tensed his finger on the trigger. But suddenly the great wings flapped and the bird swooped, a flowing effortless motion that carried it far out into space, and began to climb with tremendous speed. Shading his eyes with one hand, he watched it dwindle toward the horizon, and his mouth tightened.

He knew of no other way to hunt the *to-trom*, this thunderbolt of the peaks, whose feathers brought such a price in the Tatsienlu bazaar. He knew the eagle would have seen him as easily from a thousand yards as two hundred. His call had brought it down. But what had frightened it away?

His glance shifted along the skyline. The white tips of the Tien Shan loomed before him, rearing out of the gorge. The river was a faint rumble far below. There was no other sound, no life, nothing but bleak wind-swept granite. Then a pair of blue sheep sprang out onto the bench below, bounding from rock to rock, and disappeared behind a crag. Nongba lowered the rifle and crawled away, down into a sheltered coulee. Only then did he come erect.

He was a tall hook-nosed man, lean and dark-skinned, dressed Minya-fashion in wool knee-length cloak and thick felt boots. On his belt he carried a skinning knife, fire kit, and a bag of *tsamba*—those few requisites of a man who could, if need be, live off the country for weeks at a time. He waited now, fingering the rifle, head cocked, listening intently.

It was an eagle flushing, a bighorn running, the hush of an August morn-

ing. It was instinct, a feel in the pit of his stomach, a voice that whispered out of the wind, "Drokwa! Drokwa!" The Drokwas, carrion tribe of the grasslands, who plundered villages and carried off women. He, Nongba Kha, was a Minya man, their blood foe.

At a slow, cautious walk, he moved down the coulee, down toward the pocket of grass where he had picketed his horse the night before.

For seven days he had lived in Drokwa territory, covering his tracks, watching his back trail, hiding his horse by day. The search had led him across a barren treeless waste, ever nearer snowline, into the great bend of Tu Kiang. Now its gorge encircled him on three sides, like a noose drawn not quite tight. What was to have been a trap for the eagle might well become his own. He broke into a lope. Afoot, the Drokwas would hunt him down like a cow.

The coulee turned, widened into a boulder-strewn draw. He followed its shallow winding course for nearly a mile before halting on a point that overlooked a small spring-fed depression. He crouched there, inspecting the rocks on either side. He could see his horse, peacefully cropping grass, his saddle, the dead ashes of his fire. Nothing had been disturbed.

He climbed down quickly and then, at the edge of the meadow, stopped. They seemed to rise out of nowhere, filtering down out of the rocks, converging on him with shrill gobbling shouts. Ten or twelve of them, armed with muskets and swords—short, swarthy men in foxtail caps and dirty

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sheepskin cloaks. From the corner of his eye he saw two more circle to his rear, and he raised the rifle over his head in both hands.

Nongba knew them. He knew them by their silver rupee earrings, by their greasy unbraided hair that hung long like a woman's, by the aiming forks on their backs and the goat-horn powder horns. Knew them and smelled them—wood smoke and yak fat and ancient sweat and the sour unwashed smell of men who lived with animals. They had tracked him somehow, found his horse, and set this trap for his return. Knowing them, he wondered why they had let him live so long.

One, taller than the rest, wearing a filthy blue rag of a turban, stepped forward. He was lighter-skinned and finer-boned, with a heavily pockmarked face—a *hsifan*, a Chinese halfbreed, Nongba guessed. He motioned at the rifle and held out his hand. Nongba let his gaze travel slowly around the tight ring of faces.

He could read the impatience in their eyes, the hunger, the naked lust. *Like wild dogs slaving, he thought, about to be fed.* He sensed something else in them too, a kind of curiosity. Lowering the rifle to the crook of his arm, he stared the halfbreed down. The halfbreed snapped out a word in a strange, harsh tongue. Nongba shook his head. Then in his own dialect the *hsifan* said, "You belong to the Minya tribe. Why do you hunt here?"

"I am a hunter," Nongba said. "I hunt wherever there is game."

The Drokwas broke into an excited buzz and crowded forward. Nongba stood straight, the rifle muzzle trained on the halfbreed. The halfbreed jerked his head at the horse. "My brothers have found your campfires. They do not find meat you have killed, nor skins

you have taken. They say, what hunter are you, who do not fire your rifle?"

It was as Nongba thought; his presence alone in Drokwa territory puzzled and disturbed them. He said, "Tell your brothers I hunt the eagle."

The halfbreed interpreted for the others and swung back to Nongba. "Why do you hunt the eagle, which is scarce and hard to kill, and whose meat is unfit to eat?"

Nongba squatted down in the center of the circle and filled his pipe and struck a light. In that moment, with the taste of death in his throat, there flashed through his mind the bargain he had made with the American in Tatsienlu. This American was no hunter, but a *ge-she*, a man of learning, who collected skins which he would take back to his own land to hang in

a hall called a museum. A strange custom, but the ways of the whites were not those of Kham.

The American had said to him, "The missionary father tells me that you are a mighty hunter, and one to be trusted."

"Trusted?" Nongba had said. "I do not understand."

It was then the American had handed him the rifle. "Some say the golden eagle is gone from all Sikang. Others say a few still live on in the Tien Shan. You will need a gun, a real gun, not one of your black-powder muskets. Take this."

Nongba stared in open-mouthed wonder. Never had he seen such a gun, nor received such an offer.

"Here," the American had said, "is a pair of binoculars. You will need these also."

"You give them to me, *ge-she*?"

"I loan them to you. Bring me a golden eagle skin and I will pay you well."

"You are not afraid that I will steal your rifle and your binoculars?"

"No," The American smiled, "No, because I will not pay you until you return."

Nongba had smiled too. "No man can promise to return from the Tien Shan," he had said. "Even with his own skin. If I do, the rifle is mine. That is my price, *ge-she*."

He looked around at the Drokwas now, framing his answer. These were simple men, ignorant men; they would not believe any man was stupid enough to pay one rifle and a thousand rupees for the skin of a single bird. After a pause he said, "I hunt for a great white *ge-she*. This *ge-she* makes much magic. He would have eagle feathers to drive the devils out of his brothers' skulls."

The halfbreed gave him a sly, contemptuous look. He was, Nongba suspected, more worldly than his half-brothers, an outcast from his own kind, one wise in the ways of the white man. Grinning, he turned again to the Drokwas. They listened stolidly until he finished, and an argument spread around the circle. Nongba puffed on his pipe, letting them see his indifference. He did not understand, but he had no doubt what their decision would be; it was only a question of means.

Presently they reached agreement. The halfbreed licked his lips. "My brothers ask to see your magic."

Nongba realized what was happening. The halfbreed had twisted his words, lied to make face for himself with the Drokwas. His impulse was to empty the rifle at them and go down fighting, take a knife in the back, rather than wait for whatever slow death they planned. Then his hand brushed the

binocular case, and an idea stirred in his mind.

He drew out the glasses and handed them to a graybeard crouched by his elbow. The Drokwa touched them gingerly. Nongba held them up to the old man's eyes and twisted the focus screw. The Drokwa peered through the glasses a moment and dropped them with a gasp and rubbed his eyes. The others crowded around him, grabbing at the binoculars, looking through one end and then the other, grunting their surprise. When all had seen, Nongba put them back in the case.

"The friend of the white man sees far, even as the eagle sees. There is magic in his eyes."

The halfbreed's lips curled. "Can he kill with his eyes?"

Nongba shrugged. The Drokwas were watching him with more than curiosity now. He had something the halfbreed could not explain. "Give me your sword," he said. "I will show you how I kill."

Smiling faintly, the *hsitan* drew a heavy straight-edge sword from the silver-mouthed scabbard at his side. He handed it to a young buck and gave him an order. The Drokwa trotted across the meadow, up the rise behind, halting at a shout from the halfbreed.

"Farther," Nongba said. "It is a waste of powder to shoot at so easy a mark."

He stared straight ahead, ignoring the murmur that swelled around him. When the sword had been stuck upright among the rocks on the ridgetop, he faced the halfbreed once more, tight with anger. He had no illusions about himself; he wanted only to shame this renegade, this crooked-mouth who sought to trick him. "The guns of the Drokwas shoot no farther than a man can throw a stone," he said. "My gun kills at a thousand paces."

The halfbreed snorted. "Shoot. Shoot and I will show you how a Drokwa kills."

Nongba flattened himself on the grass. He set the sights for three hundred yards and dug in his toes. At that

distance the sword was no more than a glint against the sky. He drew a half-breath, held it and squeezed the trigger. There was the rifle's report, a faint ping of metal, and the flash of steel in the sun.

The Drokwas let out a whoop. With his thumbnail Nongba softly eased the sight ratchet two notches forward. Rising, he thrust the rifle at the halfbreed. The halfbreed flushed, glanced around at the ring of faces, and got down on his belly with the gun.

His first shot kicked up a spurt of dust halfway up the ridge. He muttered and shifted position and fired again. His bullet splattered rock. The old man cackled. In a rage the halfbreed fired three more shots, all wild, until the hammer clicked on the empty chamber.

"The gun kills as the eagle kills, swift and sure," Nongba said. "But it kills only for me." He folded his arms and sat down.

He had humbled the halfbreed before his tribe. The Drokwas would not forget that. Neither would they forgive him. Staring up at the amphitheatre of peaks, he heard the scolding croak of a cough, and he remembered the eagle, the golden bird whose feathers would never hang in the hall of the white man because he, Nongba Kha, had been too sure of his skill as a hunter.

The Drokwas squatted on their haunches, listening to the halfbreed's harangue. He was thumping his chest and flinging out his arms, making talk to regain face. It came to an end at last, and he glared down at Nongba. "We have seen your magic," he said. "Now you will see Drokwa magic, the magic in a Drokwa blade."

The buck had returned from the ridgetop with the sword. Nongba watched the halfbreed test its edge with his thumb, make a cutting pass at the air. The blade was tempered blue-white Derge steel, the finest in all Tibet, broad and flat, long as a man's arm, with massive handguard and turquoise-incrusted grip.

"Stand up, Minya man," the halfbreed said. "We will fight, you and I. My brothers have spoken."

The Drokwas jostled around him, grabbing at his glasses and cartridge bandoleer. They took his fire kit and his pipe and prayer wheel, and they clawed off his hat and cloak, stripping him to the waist. They poked at his flesh and punched his skin, blowing their fetid breaths in his face, and one of them flipped a knife into the grass at his feet. Then they crowded back with the loot, reforming their ring around him.



"There is your weapon."

Nongba glanced down. It was his own knife, the bone-handled skinning knife of the hunter, with slender curving six-inch blade. He held himself straight, shoulders back, eyes fixed on the halfbreed. The man stood five paces before him in a half-crouch, feet spread, sword tilted forward.

He drew a long breath. "If my knife is stronger than your sword?"

The halfbreed spat. "You see like the eagle sees, you kill like the eagle kills. If you live—if you live, then fly back to your white man. Fly like the eagle!"

"Tell your brothers," Nongba said. "If I die I will return on silent wings to curse them, and their children, and their children's children. Tell them."

The halfbreed spoke from the side of his mouth, never shifting his eyes, and the Drokwas laughed, hooting their insults. "They say," he translated, "that when you return they will shoot you out of the sky and give your feathers to their women."

Nongba bent then and pulled his knife from the turf. That was his answer—death, whether he won or lost.

As he straightened, the halfbreed rushed. In the split instant of panic and confusion there was barely time to twist aside, turn his body; that saved him, nothing else. Naked steel whirled past his ribs as he jumped back instinctively, springing on the balls of his feet. The halfbreed spun around and charged again, lunging for his middle and a quick kill.

Nongba cat-stepped aside and slashed with his knife, but the halfbreed pivoted away and recovered his balance. They stood face to face for a moment and the halfbreed stepped forward, sword held low. He feinted to his left and changed direction with an upward cross thrust that nicked Nongba's left shoulder. Nongba backed away, but the man did not follow up his advantage. Instead he waved his sword and the Drokwas let out a howl.

Nongba saw his enemy's blade, red now, and felt the sticky trickle down his arm. He knew how this was to be. The *hsifan* had failed to gut him in the first wild surge; he had not been fast enough for that. Now he would make a game of it, drawn out to the end, wearing him down, bleeding him with body cuts. Then one final savage lunge. The halfbreed would fight as he had talked; cleverly, but oversure of his strength.

The halfbreed began a slow, cautious advance, breathing heavily, his chest wet with sweat. He made a sudden stab, checked himself, and danced

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back, trying to draw Nongba forward. But Nongba continued to withdraw. His one chance was to retreat, keep beyond reach, lure his opponent into a trap.

Back, step by step, back across the meadow. His anger had passed, replaced by a cold single-minded concentration. The halfbreed bore in with a flurry of strokes, intent plain in his eyes. Nongba could withdraw just so far, to the meadow's edge. Cornered there against the rocks, he would have to stand or go down.

He made no attempt to counterattack. He had fought before—teahouse brawls in which the strategy was to back your opponent against a wall, cramp his arm and run him through from the side. He had seen a man's head severed from his shoulders by one blow. He had seen other men hacked like raw meat and left for the vultures to pick over. But the knife was his

weapon, not the sword—the knife and the boot, more deadly than steel against a careless, headstrong foe.

Back, back into the shadow of the ridge. The halfbreed was deliberate, confident of himself. He came on flat-footedly, sword out-thrust, ready to forehand or backhand if Nongba should try to slip past into the center of the meadow. He made a pass and Nongba withdrew again. Without warning, his boot soles slipped on a patch of mud.

Nongba went down on one knee, saw the sword's descending glitter too late. A sickening shock of pain seared one cheek, and a tumult of yells burst from the Drokwas. The halfbreed stood over him, prodding at him with the toe of his boot. "Stand up, Minya man. You die too easily."

Nongba got to his feet unsteadily and wiped the back of his arm over his face. He shook his head to clear the

buzzing in his ears and focused his eyes on the halfbreed's face. "Fight," the halfbreed snarled, "or my brothers will find other ways for you to die."

Nongba tightened his grip on the knife and stepped back. Slowly but steadily back. Two steps, three, four, until the meadow began to tilt up and the first loose gravel of the ridge scuffed under his feet. They were both deep in shadow, close to the rocks, the halfbreed pressing harder now. Then rock scraped against his buttocks and he could retreat no farther.

He watched the halfbreed's eyes, ready for the lunge. As it started, he rolled his body to the right. The sword clanged on rock, inches wide of him, and he twisted away again, sliding into an angle of rock that blocked him from the meadow. He made a feint with his arm, but the halfbreed stood firm, unmoving, measuring him with a flat, expressionless stare. Nongba braced his feet. He had backed himself, not against a flat wall, but into a corner, just as he had planned.

There was for him then only the snow-chilled wind off the peaks at his back and the stained blade of the sword, pointed at his belly. He felt nothing, saw nothing but the halfbreed's eyes, knowing the fight was finished if he had judged his man right.

The halfbreed took his time, savoring the moment of triumph. He flexed his wrists and came quartering in, his free arm behind him. With a grunt he lunged. Nongba waited, waited till the point drove at his navel, and brought up his boot in a free swinging kick. His toe caught the flat of the blade with a tingling shock, tore the sword from the halfbreed's grip, and sent it spinning onto the rocks above.

With the same forward momentum, he plunged his knife into the man's chest, clear to the hilt. The halfbreed coughed and let out a great windy sigh, and a bubble of red welled up in one corner of his mouth. He put out both hands to support himself, staggered back, and collapsed on the grass, a look of surprise still on his face. For some reason obscure to himself, Nongba knelt down and felt his pulse.

The Drokwas jarred him back to reality. They came pushing in, glum silent men peering down at the *hsifan*, watching him die. No one touched his wound or brought water. They were concerned only with the living and Nongba wondered why he had fought to win, why he had not chosen the swift, easy way to die, rather than face their revenge.

Three or four unsheathed their swords, shambling forward, but at a growl from the toothless old man they

stopped. The others shuffled uneasily and lowered their guns. The old man stared down at the body impassively and then at Nongba. He tapped his chest, raised one bony finger, pointing at the sky, and made the circling motion of a bird in flight.

Nongba swallowed and looked around at the stony faces. He made his magic, worked his tricks. He had no more. But he sensed again their curiosity, their dark brooding wonder. He drew air deep into his lungs and threw back his head and screamed.

The sound rolled out across the meadow and over the rimrock, a shrill barking scream that shattered the morning stillness and set the horse plunging at his picket rope. *Cac-cac-cac*. It climbed

### About the Author . . .

● Hal G. Everts secured the background for his story during a pack trip in western China in 1937. Back in those days he was able to travel in Szechwan for \$100 a month. It wasn't comfortable, but it was in style. Mr. Everts hopes that some day the peaks of Sikang will get their just recognition from mountain climbers. Some of them are 24,000 feet high (Mount Everest soars 29,141 feet) and as inaccessible and little known as the mountains on the other side of the moon. Mr. Everts was born in Kansas, graduated from Stanford University, and was formerly a newspaperman on the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune*, a newspaper that numbers among its alumni some of our best known writers.

to a high harsh note, riding the wind, and broke off abruptly. The echo faded to a tremor and died away. Nongba leaned back against the rock to steady the trembling of his legs.

The Drokwas craned their necks, peering into the sky. The old man worked his lips soundlessly, fingering the prayer beads around his neck. Nongba watched them through a haze of exhaustion, beyond fear, beyond hope, drained of all sensation. Only a foolish man, or a profane one, mocked the gods as he had done, and he thought, *This is how it ends for a Minya man who talks too big.*

He heard a whisper and raised his eyes. A tiny speck, black against the bank of cumulus clouds, caught his attention. Almost imperceptible at first, it grew rapidly, taking on form. The eagle hurtled down in a long steep dive, skimming over the meadow, so low that Nongba imagined he felt the momentary darkness of its shadow brush over his upturned face. The bird

gave one hoarse angry scream and banked away. The great wings beat and then it was gone, as swiftly as it had come, lost against the sun. Nongba stared up at the sky and shivered.

When he lowered his gaze, the Drokwas had drawn back, making a lane through their ranks. Their heads were averted, eyes downcast. Only the grey-beard faced him, holding out his prayer beads before him, the holy beads of Kandjur, as though to ward off evil. The old man clucked his tongue. His eyes were grave and shadowed with an urgent, nameless dread. He pointed at the horse and made the sign to go.

Like a man in a dream, Nongba stumbled across the meadow toward his saddle. It may have been they believed his magic. Perhaps the halfbreed had lied too well. It may have been the black devils that torment all men. Nongba Kha did not know. But when he rode over the ridgecrest a minute later, no Drokwa moved to stop him. They were staring up at the sky.

Ten days later, he reported to the American in Tatsienlu. The courtyard was piled with packloads of birds and animal skins ready for their long journey over the pass to the world beyond. When he had finished, the American continued to stare out the window, his lips pursed in a thoughtful frown.

"You sure it was a golden eagle you saw?"

Nongba held out a single buff-tipped wing feather.

The American swore softly. "But surely with that rifle you must have got a shot."

"Your rifle was lost. Your rifle and your glasses."

"Lost?" The American stiffened in his chair. "How?"

"Stolen, *ge-she*. The tribes of the Tien Shan are not to be trusted." The American did not believe him, Nongba knew. But the ways of the whites were not those of Kham, and certain things could not be explained in words.

"Well—" The American blinked. He had led dozens of expeditions for his museum, bargained with native hunters all over the world, and had yet to see one refuse money.

"The missionary father just now told me," Nongba Kha said, "that the eagle is the sacred bird of your tribe."

"Why, yes, the bald eagle, holding a thunderbolt. Our national emblem. The American gave him a puzzled look. "I'll hire another hunter, of course . . ."

Nongba could have told him that no hunter of Kham would kill another *to-trom*, even for an American rifle. But he said, "Yours must be the mightiest tribe of them all. *ge-she*."

# RAWHIDE

By BERNARD DE VOTO

Illustrations by Robert Frankenberg



HE LIKED to be called Rawhide. I met him in the summer of 1920 or 1921. He must have been 70 then and he was a prospector, what the West used to call a desert rat. Rawhide is the reason why, though I write Western history of the severest realism, I know there was once a West that was full of romance and marvels. Even if that West was only in people's minds.

Without knowing it, I carried out of the First War the seeds of a severe ailment. My convalescence was discouragingly slow; so I went to southern Idaho and got a job on a desert sheep ranch, on the theory that hard work in the open would cure anything. It wouldn't, and so, a couple of months later, I was on my way home again.

I traveled most of a day toward a town on the railroad that must have been Rigby; traveled by what was still called a stage, though it was a light Dodge truck with a couple of seats and half a ton of express in it. Rawhide was the only other passenger, a small man with a spiny, white, week-old stubble on a face that was a permanent mahogany from the sun. He wore an old felt hat and Levi's (the West's jeans) on which dirt and grease had stratified. He began to talk as soon as I got on the stage.

That day I heard a volume of Raw-

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**The old prospector lived in a dream**

**where the "great strike" was**

**forever under the next swing of the pick**

hide's memoirs. It covered a lot of the West but it was mostly mining, the bonanzas he had almost found, or had been cheated out of, or had gloriously or tragically lost.

He pried some data out of me, too, and when he found out I was a college man he asked me what I knew about tungsten. When I confessed that I knew nothing whatever about it, he cursed me violently. For Rawhide knew where there were deposits of what might be tungsten but nobody could tell him how to test and assay them—and what good was college if it didn't learn a man about tungsten?

Also, as I drowsed in the desert sun, only half-listening to him, I became aware that there was an Enemy in this monologue. By night he had crept up to Rawhide's cabin, had shouted Rawhide's name and then, when he came to the door, had shot him twice. Rawhide was only now recovered. He was a man of peace and fair-dealing, but a man has to pay his debts and he was going to pay his. He suspected that the Enemy might be working on the roads—the desert track we were jolting along could have used a lot of work. When at last we sighted a small road crew he stood up, his skimpy, long white hair blowing, and pulled a rifle from beneath the seat and cocked it. The rifle was almost as old as he, the stock was wrapped with buckskin whangs, the barrel was rusty. There are reverend symbols in the West's traditions and this was one, a "Winchester forty-five-seventy." Rawhide stood with the gun

on his hip and his finger on the trigger, staring at this handful of men with shovels till he had left them half a mile behind.

When we reached town Rawhide disappeared. It was early May of the next year when he turned up at my house. The need of every desert rat is to find someone who will grubstake him in return for a half-interest in the incalculable riches of the strike he will make in just a little while. That Rawhide had come all this way to sound out a man in his earliest twenties meant that he had met a lot of cynics in between.

Had I got my health back, he wanted to know. I had, except for the last five per cent that makes all the difference. Did I have a hundred dollars? As a matter of fact, I had saved a little more than that on the job I had recently been fired from. Then, he said, we were made men! Last fall he had located the most promising indications he had ever seen in a lifetime of mining—gold. Of course, it is always gold. He had developed the find a little. But he had gone broke, he had had to come out of the mountains to rustle for a stake, and then winter had come. He had not filed the claim, best to keep it secret, the enemies who were always watching him would have killed him. (Drygulched him, the ritual phrase is.) But now we could go in and clean up.

I had heard of "the gold in a man's eyes," and now I saw it. He stood there, a small old man, as hard as the rock he worked in, and there really was a luminous mistiness in his eyes when he talked about the strike we were sure to make. This was the fever and image of Last Chance Gulch and Helena, it was Alder Gulch and Virginia City, it was Bannack, Confederate Bar, Orofino, Deadwood, Tonapah. It was all the West's great gold rushes and also it was the mirage toward which so many

men have marched deathward empty-handed. Rawhide could make me two promises. He would promise me millions. And, "I won't say I'll cure you, but I will say if you come back you'll be cured—and if you ain't cured you won't come back."

After these years, in a historian's study half a mile from Harvard College, it seems incredible that I went with him, that for two and half months I actually prospected for gold in the Idaho mountains. But I did.

He had a small outfit—they always manage to hang on to that—a horse, a couple of burros as old as his rifle, and the few necessary tools. He had left them at a town that must have been either Hailey or Mackay, and when we got there my hundred dollars sufficed to buy a horse and saddle for me (twenty dollars all told, I think, and not a bargain) and our supplies.

You see, Rawhide had been everywhere in the West and sometimes there had been differences of opinion, the survivors of which had a singular tenacity of purpose toward him. And also he was known as a master discoverer of gold, so he was always watched. We must not be followed now; he was for peaceful deception but if it had to come to shooting, so be it. All summer long we were always giving phantom pursuers the slip. When we turned up a gulch I would take the outfit on to some grove or niche where it could be hidden while he climbed high enough to see the country we had crossed and sit there with a rifle and scan the empty world for half an hour. If we camped on a plain our fire must be small and must be out before dusk. Sometimes while we were working he would throw back his head and listen, then snatch up a rifle and move stealthily down the canyon ready to shoot it out with the Enemy.

His rich "location" proved a little hard to find. Whenever we drew near a place where Rawhide was sure he would pick up the bearings, he grew uncertain. Somethin' was wrong. It must of been some other gulch he come out of last fall. We must of took the wrong side of the ridge two days ago. I saw that the rich outcrop had joined "the Dutchman's mine" and the other lost treasures of the West that men had once stumbled on but never found again. But that did not matter. Rawhide lived to find new color, to sink a pick in new ground, to be forever just one moment short of the great moment when he would strike the vein.

In Idaho few rich veins of gold-bearing ore have been found anywhere except in the northern part, the panhandle. Though the rest of the state

has produced hundreds of millions of dollars in gold, practically all of it was, and still is, the free gold of gravel beds. It was and still is mined hydraulically—placered or dredged. And in scores of Idaho creeks you can still, in ten or twelve hours of backbreaking labor, pan a dollar's worth of gold dust or a little more, and when the price of gold was raised during the depression hundreds of jobless took up such hand-mining to eke out their relief money.

Rawhide and I panned a little dust and one of my vividest memories of the summer is the feel of gold on the tongue, not quite taste nor smell nor weight but something of all three. But Rawhide was not interested in a few dollars' worth of dust. He was after what prospectors have been after in Idaho for 80 years, the great strike in hard rock.

Where there is so much river-bed gold there must be the great deposits from which nature's metallurgy first extracted it. There must be the Mother Lode, which can be mined with shafts and tunnels for decades. That is the dream that thousands have followed through the Idaho mountains. But nature scrambled those mountains and the Mother Lode has never been found. Geologists say that the earth's contortions may have dropped it miles deep or piled whole ranges over it. But there is always a chance, and a chance will do to hang a dream on. Any thrust of a pick may touch "color" or "blossom" that will lead to the Mother Lode.

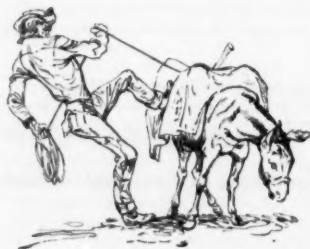
Certainly every inch we covered that summer had been covered before by others like Rawhide, with the same hope and the same failure. We made a number of brief tries and on three or four we worked more than briefly. I suppose I knew then what circumstances, drift, color, topography, stratification, and whatnot made him choose the spots he did. But I forgot them long ago, though I remember feathery webs and scrolls of brown or yellow or green or orange in split rocks. I remember his excitement at each new beginning, but best of all I remember the labor. He was more than three times

my age, but he could work with a pick, shovel or sledge much harder and longer than I could. I remember the exhaustion, the flinty smell of opened rock, the sweetish smell of blasting, the sickish smell of gases freed by digging. Providence has saved me from doing any such work since, but when my very soul retched with fatigue there was always the prickling excitement of this ancient, small, possessed man to keep me at the job when his cursing could keep me there no longer.

Till a moment came. In the morning it had still been a sure lead, we were coming closer hour by hour. Then after supper, while I policed camp or sharpened tools, Rawhide would get out his mortar, his spoonfuls of pulverized ore, the charcoal and blowpipes and chemicals whose working I never understood. And tonight, though the specimens showed nothing that differed from any other night, this time unrest or disturbing realism would seep into his mind. It was a false lead, he would decide. Warn't no real color there—missed it b'gosh—no sense in carryin' on no farther. He would be a very old man in firelight. Better be gettin' on somewhere else. But tragedy was only an instant. His memory lighted with innumerable bright promises. Twenty-three mile from here, back in 1905, he'd been too busy to follow it up then, but now—git ready to move camp, boy, we'll head out of here tomorrow. I think it was really with relief that he turned back to the dream from the actuality that might have endangered it.

But I was no miner and what counted for me was the campfire. There is hideous country and there is beautiful country in the mountains of central Idaho, but even the most hideous is beautiful from twilight on. Usually we were camped in a gulch and the rush of a creek was a background for such sounds as wind in the aspens or evergreens, the movement of hobbled horses, the occasional fall of rock as a cliff cooled, or the howling of a coyote. And across the fire from me, leaning back against a log or sitting cross-legged in his long drawers while he patched his jeans with burlap sacking, Rawhide was continuing his serial autobiography. That, it has turned out, is what I remember of the summer: the West as dime novel and as dream.

How much of it was true? Much of it had happened to someone, perhaps, and an indeterminate part had happened to Rawhide. He was the artist who incorporated in his own life all the life he had glanced at or heard of in the West. And, as an artist, he improved it, he freed it of its factual inferiorities.



Rawhide had certainly stolen by night to a secret rendezvous in Virginia City and later with his sworn company had gone out to hang the Plummer gang. But he was about 13 when the gang were hanged, which is young for a vigilante, and it seems likely that he did so in the talk of other men at such fires as ours. No doubt he knew Wild Bill Hickok, Johnny Ringo, Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Tom Horn and other disreputables whom cheap romance has blown up into heroes—or at least he had walked down streets whose dust had once been stirred by their feet.

The Western reaches had many strange sights. Rawhide woke one night, alerted by some unidentifiable sound. He grabbed his rifle (there were Indians, there were enemies) and heard the sound again, a soft, slurred padding that must be feet on rock, but such feet as he could not imagine.

The disk of the full moon was low in the sky and presently there passed before it the shape of a monster huge, horrible, antediluvian. Rawhide had seen the fossil bones of dinosaurs in rock faces, and he thought that this must be a survivor from lost time—but his breath came back for he had seen such beasts in circuses. It was a camel. It was one of the camels that traveled the West's fableland for more than two generations. The Army did, in fact, import camels for desert travel before the Civil War and so did an express company later on, and they were turned loose in the desert when the experiment failed. So they lived in desert folklore right down to our campfire, and it may be that he had seen one.

Of course he had, ideally if not truly. There was purity and innocence in that gnarled face with the firelight on it and the faded eyes were saintly with belief. Rawhide was, if you like, a gentle loony. He was, if you like, a disreputable, money-cadging swindler. Or he was a happy man. He had never found more gold than would give him enough to replenish his supplies, but I think that, after a while, he didn't want to find it. To look for it was better than to find it, and the dream could not be spent or gambled or lost. And if failure impelled him to live the shining heroisms of imaginary men, if out of disappointment and lost opportunity and regret he built this world where a true man did right things with fitting courage and success—well, which of us doesn't? It was his fortune that the dream which extinguished the drab reality had brighter colors than most dreams.

Our supplies ran out toward the first of August. Our last venture was high



### About Bernard DeVoto . . .

Acknowledged as one of America's most distinguished authors, editors, educators, and critics, Bernard DeVoto still parades a lusty enthusiasm for the uncultivated West he knew as a boy.

Born in Ogden, Utah, in 1897, DeVoto recalls that: "... by the time we were eight, we went on day-long explorations of the foothills, miles from home. Two or three years later we were beginning to climb peaks, and by the time we were 14, we were camping out for days at a time in canyons one hundred miles up the range."

Young DeVoto displayed his literary talents while he was still in Ogden H. S. He landed a part-time reporting job with the *Ogden Evening Standard* for which he covered church socials and baseball games. After he was graduated from Harvard in 1920, he turned down offers of positions in the East to return to Utah to collect material for a trilogy on the history of his boyhood haunts. For two years he knocked around the

old frontier trails where he encountered Rawhide and other such memorable characters.

For a brief period DeVoto taught history at Ogden Jr. H. S., and from there went on to teaching assignments at Northwestern University and Harvard. An essay, "The Coeds, God Bless Them," inspired by his teaching experiences, is perhaps deserving of special note—inasmuch as the author married while at Northwestern "the brightest coed in his freshman composition class."

DeVoto gave up teaching when it began to take too much time from his writing. He has held editorial posts on numerous magazines, but is probably best-known for his contributions to the "Easy Chair" department of *Harper's*.

DeVoto's criticism and discussions of problems of current interest often sound as if they were written from anything but an easy chair. *Time* magazine once said that critic DeVoto in top form suggests "a geyser ejecting a column of live steam, accompanied by deep, sometimes incoherent rumblings, hisses, falling rocks, lava, fuliginous fumes."

At a time when many of our critics were bowing at the shrine of European literature, DeVoto remained an ardent champion of the home-grown product. He says: "I am more interested in American literature than any other. I regard *Huckleberry Finn* as the greatest novel written by an American and *Walden* as the greatest work outside of fiction, and I read both frequently. . . . I think Frost the greatest living poet. . . . I have a profound admiration for Hemingway's skill without much liking his books. . . . I tend to admire skill, mastery of form more than I should, and so am distressed by writing like Thomas Wolfe's."

on a mountainside where someone else had worked the same outcrop a long time before us. That stranger had missed the strike but we were close to it, we were getting closer, the color was magnificent, Rawhide was on fire. So when we had to go—short of the one blast more, the last shovelful of rock that would open the vein—we went by night and went straight up to the ridge and down into the next gulch. We hid in brush all day and rode all the next night, for no one, especially not the Enemy, must see him anywhere hereabout. As for a couple of days more we rode toward town, he was muttering the names of men who might furnish the last grubstake he would ever need.

We would have to cut in that future partner for a third interest, Rawhide told me at the railroad station. (I had sold my horse for just enough to get me home.) But one-third was mine for we were partners in the claim. Who

would want more than a third of such a find—who would want more than a third of, say, the great Homestake Mine?

We shook hands on it. Rawhide walked away—and the seat of his jeans needed more gunny sacking. I saw him begin to walk warily on the balls of his feet. He was scanning wooden shacks of that dismal town's one street, for there was always the Enemy.

So I own a third of the richest gold claim in the United States. It is high on the side of a canyon in the Boulder Mountains, and you will be within 40 to 50 miles of it if you ever go skiing in Sun Valley. But I know I could not find it. I would go astray in the mirages that guard the lost West's lost mines. But I know, too, that Rawhide found it—or almost. He came close to bringing in the great mine, so close that he could sit beside other campfires and look through those opal mists to the finest color that rock ever showed.



## Forgive My Guilt

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Not always sure what things called sins may be,  
I am sure of one sin I have done.  
It was years ago, and I was a boy,  
I lay in the frostflowers with a gun,  
The air ran blue as the flowers, I held my breath,  
Two birds on golden legs slim as dream things  
Ran like quicksilver on the golden sand,  
My gun went off, they ran with broken wings  
Into the sea, I ran to fetch them in,  
But they swam with their heads high out to sea,  
They cried like two sorrowful high flutes,  
With jagged ivory bones where wings should be.

For days I heard them when I walked that headland  
Crying out to their kind in the blue,  
The other plovers were going over south  
On silver wings leaving these broken two.  
The cries went out one day; but I still hear them  
Over all the sounds of sorrow in war or peace  
I ever have heard, time cannot drown them,  
Those slender flutes of sorrow never cease.  
Two airy things forever denied the air!  
I never knew how their lives at last were spilt,  
But I have hoped for years all that is wild,  
Airy, and beautiful will forgive my guilt.

*Morning on the Marshes*, an etching by Hans Kleiber, is reproduced through the courtesy of Associated American Artists. Kleiber has been called the "Etcher Laureate of the Rockies," and his work is widely exhibited.

### ABOUT THE POET . . .

Although deep with self-searching, this poem is also rich with the sights and sounds and the mood of autumn. Robert P. Tristram Coffin has explored an emotion that anyone who has gone afield with a gun must have felt at one time or another.

Mr. Coffin grew up on a Maine saltwater farm, went to a red-brick schoolhouse, then on to Bowdoin, Princeton, and Oxford, where he was a Rhodes scholar. He has won many honors, including the Pulitzer Prize in Poetry, and is now back at Bowdoin as a professor of English. He has written 37 books—his latest, *Apples by Ocean*, is published this month—but he still finds time each spring to be one of our poetry judges in the Scholastic Writing Awards.

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By WILLY LEY

Illustrated by Chesley Bonestell

# Nonstop to the Moon

A famous rocket expert gives us a preview

of a 1975 lunar flight in a space ship

THE SIGN at the wire fence said: T-O 1925 M.T. SSTC (LB) No. 7. This the major's wife mentally translated as "Take-off at 7:25 P. M. Mountain Time; Services Space Transport Command, Lunar Base." No. 7 was probably the number of "the ship"—anybody who had any connection with these ships always pronounced the term as if it had quotation marks around it: "the ship."

The next sign did not need translating. It said clearly in large letters: AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. There was a gate under the sign and a guardhouse.

The major's wife knew that the guard had her name on a list, under the heading VOW, Visiting Officers' Wives. She had been in the SSTC base on the Colorado Plateau the day before for "identification and briefing." Identification had taken about three minutes. The briefing had been a two-hour session with a young man who wore the insignia of a first lieutenant. He congratulated her on her enterprise and courage in taking advantage of the two-week visit granted to wives of officers stationed on the Lunar Base, and escorted her up to the roof to have a look at "the ship."

It stood on something like an oversized railroad flatcar, resting on its tail fins, its long prow outlined against the blue sky. The swept-back wings caught the sun with a blinding reflection, and the major's wife knew that those wings had only one purpose: they acted in a strange manner as a brake when the ship returned to earth, making it skitter off the denser layers of the atmosphere in three-hundred-mile leaps around the globe, until enough velocity had been eaten up so that it could be flown like an airplane.

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Now, for the take-off, the flatcar had been wheeled into a squat concrete structure which, except for the total lack of battlements, might have been a particularly strong castle of a nasty medieval robber baron. More than half of "the ship" projected above the structure. There was a gangplank leading into it from the upper rim. Some young boys hung around near the gate and one of them intercepted her.

"Hey, lady," he panted, "you a VOW?" and then, without waiting for an answer, went on: "Would you bring me something from the moon? Not something like equipment we brought there, but something really from the moon. A rock?"

His face was full of eagerness and a friendly envy, and she half promised: "If I don't have 40 pounds."

"Oh," the boy said, "on the way back they don't care about 40 pounds. It's lifting off the earth that costs fuel. Lifting off the moon is nothing. Just two miles per second. Why, a V-2 in 1950 could have lifted off the moon with a little extra push. Of course, then they couldn't get there in the first place."

The major's wife smiled. She recognized the semi-quotation—obviously her husband and the boy had been reading the same books. The boy, taking the smile as a promise, began figuring aloud. "This is Wednesday night, you'll land on the moon on Monday. You'll be back on the second of May. Gee, thanks! Something really from the moon, something that never was on Earth before..."

She handed her papers to the sergeant at the gate. Inside the guardhouse a girl in a silver-trimmed dark blue uniform slipped a set of receivers

over her head, and made passes all around the major's wife with a stubby black stick. This was the "probe" of a Geiger counter. "Sorry," said the girl, "you'll have to leave your wrist watch here—radio-active dial."

"I thought they had several uranium piles going full blast in the base," said the major's wife.

"They do," said the girl. "And your watch might confuse instruments. Now, may I open your suit case?"

"Thirty-eight pounds, ten ounces, including the case," announced the major's wife. "I have been briefed."

"Yes, I'm not checking the weight." She passed the probe around the case. "No fresh or dried fruits, no cereals?"

"The flower," said the sergeant, from the door.

"Plastic," said the girl casually and, in response to a bewildered look from the major's wife: "He thought the flower in your lapel was real."

"Which would be against regulation so-and-so?"

"I presume," the girl said in the manner of an adult explaining something to a not very bright child, "I presume that the transportation officer briefed you on the manner in which Lunar Base manufactures its air?"

"Oh, yes," said the major's wife, with the happy glow of somebody who just happens to know all the words needed for a reply when conversing in an unfamiliar language. "The Base is a system of caves and transparent domes and some of them are given over to growing plants which, by photosynthesis, use the carbon dioxide exhaled by the people and break it down, releasing oxygen."

"And if you brought in any fresh or dried fruit, or cereals which have not

been thoroughly irradiated, or fresh flowers, you might bring in an insect pest and later LB would yell for emergency ships with breathing oxygen."

Together they got into a staff car. The girl kept up a steady conversation. She knew that it was best to keep passengers occupied until they were through the airlock.

To the boys standing at the gate, the few seconds after take-off time were a fantastic spectacle. There was a flash of light accompanied by a roar like Niagara Falls intensified over a loud-speaker. The roar took some time to travel all the distance to the gate; when it got there "the ship" was already several hundred feet high, standing nose-up in an incredible manner on the pointed and roaring tail of fire. Up and up it went; the boys' eyes estimated the distance and their lips quietly counted seconds. Eighteen, nineteen, twenty . . . there! The ship was about a mile high and something dropped off, the large booster rocket which had lifted it. Simultaneously the bright, hot, white flame of the atom-powered exhaust shot from the ship, high enough above the ground so that its violently radio-active by-products could not do any harm.

Meanwhile, the major's wife was supine on a hammock suspended from hydraulic shock absorbers that were a marvel of engineering. She had loose restraining straps over her chest and thighs, and her hands, in oversized gloves, were fastened flat to the hammock. It was soft, but she felt as if she weighed a ton—actually just her 118 pounds times four, that being the "effective acceleration." It seemed that the air had turned to syrup and that the sound which emanated from the metal walls was trying to shake her apart. She found it easy to black out.

The last thing she saw was a projected clock dial on the wall, saying 7:26. When she could look again, the projected clock dial said 7:35, and she refused to believe it. Then she remembered the briefing: "There will be a period of eight minutes at four gravities; with your constitution you should be able to fight it, at least after some experience. But since you aren't the pilot, just let yourself go. Faint. You'll come to right after acceleration and no harm done." And he had added: "No, the real pilot won't faint, but if he did it wouldn't matter. Take-off and landing isn't done by hand. There is an automatic mechanism for that; basic model was invented in 1939."

She closed her eyes again, feeling now as if she weighed nothing at all. That was precisely what she had wished earlier, but now it didn't feel

so good. Again the voice of the briefing officer came to her memory: "After acceleration the ship and all it contains will be like a thrown ball. It will seem as if there is no gravity at all, nothing will weigh anything. It's a lot of fun after you get used to it." She decided that she wasn't used to it yet. She was not so sure that her stomach might not crawl up into her throat.

"Let me help you unbuckle," a female voice said. She opened her eyes and saw another girl in a silver-trimmed blue uniform. "I'm the communications officer," she introduced herself.

The major's wife thought for a moment that the girl was tall; then she realized she was tiny, maybe 90 pounds earth weight. But she floated a foot from the floor, one hand lightly touching a metal wall. The girl pushed herself off the wall lightly, floated over, caught a strategically placed nylon rope and snapped open the buckles of the restraining straps. Then she tied flat sandals to the passenger's feet. "Now you can sit up. See those yellow circles on the floor? They are magnetic, the sandals have iron soles. If you are careful to put your feet on the yellow spots it will feel more or less as if you weighed something. Most people prefer the illusion at first. By Saturday you'll probably discard them."

The major's wife stood up, feeling strangely wobbly. The sandals held her feet down all right, but otherwise it seemed likely that a draft would blow her away. Her stomach, miraculously, behaved. But the girl almost undid that by announcing: "I suggest that you have a snack before turning in and, if you don't mind, I'll join you."

The small table was magnetic. All utensils were either steel or had steel attached somewhere so that you did not send them flying off by touching them accidentally. Liquids were in what the major's wife thought of as baby bottles, steel rimmed at the bottom, with a flexible straw. The communications officer unscrewed a top and shook the liquid out with a practiced motion. A sphere of tea formed and hung in the air like a ball of transparent amber. When she stuck a straw into it and drew, the sphere dwindled in size. "Mustn't leave the straw in, the tea will creep along it and you'll end up with a mess," she explained.

"Now," she continued, "you have probably been told to carry indoor clothing only. Since the base is mostly underground it is air-conditioned. Laundry facilities are there—recirculating water system—but I warn you, what they do to good nylon slips rates a Congressional investigation. If you want to go on the surface you'll need

a guide—it's easy to make mistakes. They'll put you in a moon suit with a transparent bubble helmet. You wear ordinary dress inside. The suit weighs, let's see, 50 kilograms on the moon, that would be 110 pounds, or 660 pounds earth weight. (She remembered some more briefing: On the moon the weight of any article is one-sixth of what it weighs on earth, but a six-pound steak will have the calories of six pounds of steak even if it seems to weigh only one.) If you weigh 120 on earth, you'll weigh 20 on the moon, so with such a suit on you'll feel about normal. Funny, it takes much less practice to get used to 'no weight' in the ship, than to the fractional weight on the moon. Things feel normal there, but aren't."

"Indoors I don't need equipment?"

"No, except if you stay in a transparent dome for a while. Then you'd better gook your face up with UVA, I mean ultraviolet absorbing skin cream. The domes let too much ultraviolet pass. There's a jar in the locker there; stuff was developed back in 1949. Of course, you'll need moon shoes too. They look like heavy clogs—two-inch platform, four-inch heels. They're solid lead; on Earth they would weigh 50 pounds. They keep your feet on the ground and make your walk more or less normal. You'll get a pair on loan at base. They have them in all sizes—except mine. But I don't need them any more. I progress in a series of leaps like a ballet dancer."

The major's wife had heard all this before. But on Earth—where was Earth right now—up, down, right, left? It had sounded so theoretical. Now it was real. Very real.

"Do I have to keep to my cabin?"

"No, you have the freedom of the ship, except pilot's cockpit and cargo holds. Remember, this is a transport, but Lockheed says they'll have the first passenger liner ready next year. Gosh, the things we've carried. Topsoil and radar parts, enriched uranium and rabbits. People need an awful lot of stuff to be happy. Everytime we thought they were complete and wanted to install a few decent cabins they handed us another list of things. Now they are growing vegetables and beautiful big mushrooms, large as my head."

The projected clock dial said 8:20.

"Time to go on duty," said the girl. "The best you can do now is to take these sleeping pills. Tomorrow your body will be adjusted to 'no weight' and there are lots of men aboard who'll love to show you around; you're the only VOW this trip. Strap yourself in loosely; people get frightened when they wake up and find themselves



Painting by Chesley Bonestell from *The Conquest of Space*, by Chesley Bonestell and Willy Ley, published by The Viking Press. Copyright 1948, 49.

**The ship settles down in a valley of the moon, balancing on its tail fins.**

clinging to what they consider the ceiling. This button opens the window shutter; we're still in the Earth's shadow. When the sun shines on your window later, the shutter will close automatically. As a matter of fact, you won't be seeing night again till you go home. On the moon there are two weeks of sunlight and two weeks of night, and you'll be there during the sunny weeks."

The major's wife fastened the buckles again and thought of the passenger liner under construction. It would have sound-proofed walls in pretty colors. Its windows would darken—polarize?—automatically when hit by the sun's di-

rect rays, no need for UVA on such a ship. And the take-off would be strung out over half an hour, one could just sit in a comfortable chair during acceleration. She swallowed the pills, and, waiting for them to take hold, pushed the button for the window shutter.

Outside there was the blackness of space, with countless numbers of brilliant lights. It was like looking down at a large city from an airliner at night. There were millions and millions of lights out there. White, yellow, and red. Each one was a star, which meant a distant sun. Millions upon millions of far-distant suns, each with planets

and the planets with moons. Maybe on one of those planets there were people who had also progressed to the point where they did research on a barren moon. Maybe they had progressed further. . . .

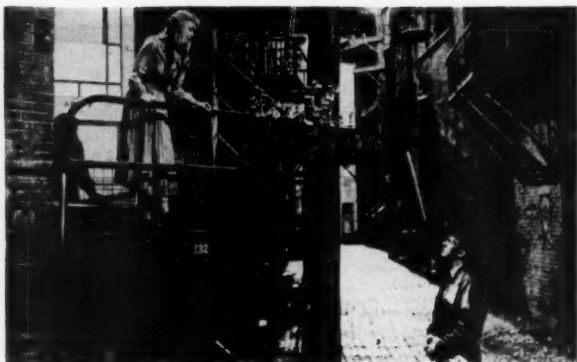
Three and a half days later "the ship" settled down on the moon, balancing on its roaring tail-jet which, however, could not be heard by anyone outside, for on the moon there is no air to carry sound. And then one of the men guided her through the enclosed tube into the airtight bus which had drawn up. At the horizon she could see, across the airless plain of the moon, one of the domes of Lunar Base.

# THE GLASS MENAGERIE

Based on Tennessee Williams' play (which was voted the best play of 1945 by the N. Y. drama critics), this Warner Brothers film is a sensitive study of the desires and frustrations of three people.

Amanda Wingfield, a onetime Southern belle, lives in a dream of her girlhood when she was besieged by "gentlemen callers." Now reduced to a precarious existence in a St. Louis tenement, Amanda is pathetically eager for her children to succeed in the business world and prods them constantly. But her son Tom dreams of running away from his job to see the world. Her daughter Laura, whose only interest is a collection of glass animals, does run away from the typing school in which Amanda enrolls her.

The film was adapted for the screen by Tennessee Williams.



1. Tom Wingfield (Arthur Kennedy), depressed by shabby tenement in which his family lives and by his dull warehouse job, goes to movies at night to escape. His crippled sister Laura (Jane Wyman) understands; she escapes reality in a world of make-believe—listens to old phonograph records, plays with her glass animals.



2. Above: There are often scenes at breakfast when Amanda (Gertrude Lawrence) nags Tom for pursuing his "selfish pleasures" and begs him to bring home a "gentleman caller" for Laura. As Laura is painfully shy, as well as being crippled, Tom feels his mother is being unrealistic and falsely building up Laura's hopes. 3. Right: Tom is conscience-stricken when, in a burst of anger at his mother's constant prodding, he breaks one of Laura's cherished glass animals.



4. Tom finally invites a young man to dinner, and Laura has misgivings when Amanda puts on dress she wore as a girl and prepares to make an elaborate dinner.



5. When Laura finds "gentleman caller" (Kirk Douglas) is boy she secretly loved in school, she is panic-stricken. But after dinner, Jim draws her out, persuades her to dance with him. When he confesses he is engaged, Laura is not entirely shattered—for she has gained a new confidence.

*Grandpa wouldn't part with the dime . . . but then  
he didn't know the statue had a message*

By ARTHUR MILLER

*Illustrated by Katherine Churchill Tracy*

# Grandpa and the Statue

## CHARACTERS

ANNOUNCER	JACK
AUGUST	MIKE
YOUNG MONAGHAN	JOE
SHEEAN	ALF
GRANDFATHER MONAGHAN	GIRL
CHILD MONAGHAN	YOUNG MAN
GEORGE	MEGAPHONE
CHARLEY	VOICE
	VETERAN

*MUSIC: Theme . . . fade under*

ANNOUNCER: The scene is the fourth floor of a giant army hospital overlooking New York Harbor. A young man sitting in a wheel chair is looking out a window—just looking. After a while another young man in another wheel chair rolls over to him and they both look.

*MUSIC: Out.*

AUGUST: You want to play some checkers with me, Monaghan?

MONAGHAN: Not right now.

AUGUST: *Okay. (Slight pause)* You don't want to go feeling blue, Monaghan.

MONAGHAN: I'm not blue.

AUGUST: All you do most days is sit here looking out this window.

MONAGHAN: What do you want me to do, jump rope?

AUGUST: No, but what do you get out of it?

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MONAGHAN: It's a beautiful view. Some companies make millions of dollars just printing that view on postcards.

AUGUST: Yeh, but nobody keeps looking at a postcard six, seven hours a day.

MONAGHAN: I come from here; it reminds me of things. My young days.

AUGUST: That's right, you're Brooklyn, aren't you?

MONAGHAN: My house is only about a mile away.

AUGUST: That so? Tell me, are you looking at just the water all the time? I'm curious. I don't get a kick out of this view.

MONAGHAN: There's the Statue of Liberty out there. Don't you see it?

AUGUST: Oh, that's it. Yes, that's nice to look at.

MONAGHAN: I like it. Reminds me of a lot of laughs.

AUGUST: Laughs? The Statue of Liberty?

MONAGHAN: Yeh, my grandfather. He got all twisted up with the Statue of Liberty.

AUGUST *(laughs a little)*: That so? What happened?

MONAGHAN: Well, my grandfather was the stingiest man in Brooklyn. "Mercyless" Monaghan, they used to call him. He even used to save umbrella handles.

AUGUST: What for?

MONAGHAN: Just couldn't stand seeing anything go to waste. After a big windstorm there'd be a lot of broken umbrellas laying around in the streets.

AUGUST: Yeh?

MONAGHAN: He'd go around picking them up. In our house the closets were always full of umbrella handles. My

grandma used to say that he would go across the Brooklyn Bridge on the trolley just because he could come back on the same nickel. See, if you stayed on the trolley they'd let you come back for the same nickel.

AUGUST: What'd he do, just go over and come back?

MONAGHAN: Yeh, it made him feel good. Savin' money. Two and half cents.

AUGUST: So how'd he get twisted up with the Statue of Liberty?

MONAGHAN: Well, way back in 1887 or around there, they were living on Butler Street. Butler Street, Brooklyn, practically runs right down to the river. *(Music, sneak behind.)* One day he's sitting on the front porch, reading a paper he borrowed from the neighbors, when along comes this man Jack Sheean who lived up the block.

*MUSIC: Up, then down and out.*

SHEEAN *(slight brogue)*: A good afternoon to you, Monaghan.

MONAGHAN: How're you, Sheean, how're ya?

SHEEAN: Fair, fair. And how's Mrs. Monaghan these days?

MONAGHAN: Warm. Same as everybody else in summer.

SHEEAN: I've come to talk to you about the fund, Monaghan.

MONAGHAN: What fund is that?

SHEEAN: The Statue of Liberty fund. Monaghan: Oh, that.

SHEEAN: It's time we come to grips with the subject, Monaghan.

MONAGHAN: I'm not interested, Sheean.

SHEEAN: Now hold up on that a minute. Let me tell you the facts. This here Frenchman has gone and built a fine statue of Liberty. It costs the Lord knows how many millions to build. All

they're askin' us to do is contribute enough to put up a base for the statue to stand on.

MONAGHAN: I'm not . . . !

SHEEAN: Before you answer me. People all over the whole United States are puttin' in for it. Butler Street is doin' the same. We'd like to hang up a flag on the corner saying—"Butler Street, Brooklyn, is one hundred per cent behind the Statue of Liberty." And Butler Street is a hundred per cent subscribed except for you. Now will you give us a dime, Monaghan? One dime and we can put up the flag? Now what do you say to that?

MONAGHAN: I'm not throwin' me good money away for somethin' I don't even know exists.

SHEEAN: Now what do you mean by that?

MONAGHAN: Have you seen this statue?

SHEEAN: No, but it's in a warehouse. And as soon as we get the money to build the pedestal, they'll take it and put it up on that island in the river, and all the boats comin' in from the old country will see it there and it'll raise the hearts of the poor immigrants to see such a fine sight on their first look at this country.

MONAGHAN: And how do I know it's in this here warehouse at all?

SHEEAN: You read your paper, don't you? It's been in all the papers for the past year.

MONAGHAN: Ha, the papers! Last year I read in the paper that they were about to pave Butler Street and take out all the holes. Turn around and look at Butler Street, Mr. Sheean.

SHEEAN: All right. I'll do this: I'll take you to the warehouse and show you the statue. Will you give me a dime then?

MONAGHAN: Well . . . I'm not sayin' I would, and I'm not sayin' I wouldn't. But I'd be more likely if I saw the thing large as life, I would.

SHEEAN (peevish): All right, then. Come along.

MUSIC: *Up, down, and fade out.*

SHEEAN: Now then. Do you see the Statue of Liberty or don't you see it?

MONAGHAN: I see it all right, but it's all broke!

SHEEAN: *Broke!* They brought it from France on a boat. They had to take it apart, didn't they?

MONAGHAN: You got a secondhand statue, that's what you got, and I'm not payin' for new when they've shipped us something that's all smashed to pieces.

SHEEAN: Now just a minute, just a minute. Visualize what I'm about to tell you, Monaghan; get the picture of it. When this statue is put together it's

going to stand ten stories high. Could they get a thing ten stories high into a four-story building such as this is? Use your good sense, now, Monaghan.

MONAGHAN: What's that over there?

SHEEAN: Where?

MONAGHAN: That tablet there in her hand. What's it say? July Eye Vee (IV) MDCCLXXVI . . . what . . . what's all that?

SHEEAN: That means July 4, 1776. It's in Roman numbers. Very high class.

MONAGHAN: What's the good of it? If they're going to put a sign on her they ought to put it: Welcome All. That's it. Welcome All.

SHEEAN: They decided July 4, 1776, and July 4, 1776, it's going to be!

MONAGHAN: All right, then let them get their dime from somebody else?

SHEEAN: Monaghan!

MONAGHAN: No, sir! I'll tell you something. I didn't think there was a statue but there is. She's all broke, it's true, but she's here and maybe they can get her together. But even if they do, will you tell me what sort of a welcome to immigrants it'll be, to have a gigantic thing like that in the middle of the river and in her hand is July Eye Vee MCDVC . . . whatever it is?

SHEEAN: That's the date the country was made!

MONAGHAN: The devil with the date! A man comin' in from the sea wants a place to stay, not a date. When I come from the old country I git off at the dock and there's a feller says to me, "Would you care for a room for the night?" "I would that," I sez, and he sez, "All right then, follow me." He takes me to a rooming house. I no sooner sign me name on the register—which I was able to do even at that time—when I look around and the feller is gone clear away and took my valise in the bargain. A statue anyway can't move off so fast, but if she's going to welcome let her say welcome, not this MCDVC . . .

SHEEAN: All right, then, Monaghan. But all I can say is, you've laid a disgrace on the name of Butler Street. I'll put the dime in for ya.

MONAGHAN: Don't connect me with it! It's a swindle, is all it is. In the first place, it's broke; in the second place, if they do put it up it'll come down with the first high wind that strikes it.

SHEEAN: The engineers say it'll last forever!

MONAGHAN: And I say it'll topple into the river in a high wind! Look at the inside of her. She's all hollow!

SHEEAN: I've heard everything now, Monaghan. Just about everything. Good-bye.

MONAGHAN: What do you mean, good-bye? How am I to get back to Butler Street from here?

SHEEAN: You've got legs to walk.

MONAGHAN: I'll remind you that I come on the trolley.

SHEEAN: And I'll remind you that I paid your fare and I'm not repeating the kindness.

MONAGHAN: Sheean! You've stranded me!

MUSIC: *Up and down.*

YOUNG MONAGHAN: That was grandpa. That's why I have to laugh every time I look at the statue now.

AUGUST: Did he ever put the dime in?

YOUNG MONAGHAN: Well—in a way. What happened was this: His daughters got married and finally my mom . . . put me out on Butler Street. I got to be pretty attached to grandpa. He'd even give me an umbrella handle and make a sword out of it for me. Naturally, I wasn't very old before he began working on me about the statue.

SOUND: *High wind.*

CHILD MONAGHAN (softly, as though grandpa is in bed): Grampa?

MONAGHAN (awakened): Heh? What are you doin' up?

CHILD MONAGHAN: Ssssh! Listen!

SOUND: *Wind rising and fading . . .*

MONAGHAN (gleefully): Aaaaaaaah! Yes, yes. This'll do it, boy. This'll do it. First thing in the morning we'll go down to the docks and I'll bet you me life that Mr. Sheean's statue is smashed down and layin' on the bottom of the bay. Go to sleep now; we'll have a look first thing.

MUSIC: *Up and down.*

SOUND: *Footsteps.*

CHILD MONAGHAN: If it fell down, all the people will get their dimes back, won't they, grampa? Slow down; I can't walk so fast.

MONAGHAN: Not only will they get their dimes back, but Mr. Sheean and the whole crew that engineered the collection are going to rot in jail. Now mark my words. Here, now, we'll take a short cut around this shed . . .

SOUND: *Footsteps continue a moment, then gradually . . . disappointedly they come to a halt.*

CHILD MONAGHAN: She's . . . she's still standing, grampa.

MONAGHAN: She is that. (*Uncomprehending*) I don't understand it. That was a terrible wind last night. Terrible.

CHILD MONAGHAN: Maybe she's weaker though. Heh?

MONAGHAN: Why . . . sure, that must be it. I'll wager she's hangin' by a thread. (*Realizing*) Of course! That's why they put her out there in the water so when she falls down she won't be flattening out a lot of poor innocent people. Hey—feel that?

CHILD MONAGHAN: The wind! It's starting to blow again!



MONAGHAN: Sure, and look at the sky blackening over!

SOUND: *Wind rising.*

MONAGHAN: Feel it comin' up! Take your last look at the statue, boy. If I don't mistake me eyes, she's takin' a small list to Jersey already!

MUSIC: *Up and down.*

YOUNG MONAGHAN: It was getting embarrassing for me on the block. I

kept promising the other kids that when the next wind came, the statue would come down. We even had a game. Four or five kids would stand in a semicircle around one kid who was the statue. The statue kid had to stand on his heels and look right in our eyes. Then we'd all take a deep breath and blow in his face. He'd fall down like a stick of wood. They all believed me

and Grampa . . . until one day. We were standing around throwing rocks at an old milk can. . . .

SOUND: *Banging of rocks against milk can.*

GEORGE: What're you doin'?

CHILD MONAGHAN: What do we look like we're doin'?

GEORGE: I'm going someplace to-morrow.

CHARLIE: I know, church. Watch out, I'm throwin'.

SOUND: *Can being hit.*

GEORGE: I mean after church.

JACK: Where?

GEORGE: My old man's going to take me out on the Statue of Liberty boat.

SOUND: *Banging against can stops.*

CHILD MONAGHAN: You're not going out on the statue, though, are you?

GEORGE: Sure, that's where we're going.

CHILD MONAGHAN: But you're liable to get killed. Supposing there's a high wind tomorrow?

GEORGE: My old man says that statue couldn't fall down if all the wind in the world and John L. Sullivan hit it at the same time.

CHILD MONAGHAN: Is that so?

GEORGE: Yeh, that's so. My old man says that the only reason your grandfather's saying that it's going to fall down is that he's ashamed he didn't put a dime in for the pedestal.

CHILD MONAGHAN: Is that so?

GEORGE: Yeh, that's so.

CHILD MONAGHAN: Well, you tell your old man that if he gets killed tomorrow not to come around to my grandfather and say he didn't warn him!

JACK: Hey, Georg, would your father take me along?

GEORGE: I'll ask him, maybe he—

CHILD MONAGHAN: What, are you crazy, Jack?

MIKE: Ask him if he'd take me too, will ya, George?

CHILD MONAGHAN: Mike, what's the matter with you?

JOE: Me too, George, I'll ask my mother for money.

CHILD MONAGHAN: Joe! Didn't you hear what my grampa said?

JOE: Well . . . I don't really believe that any more.

CHILD MONAGHAN: You don't be . . .

MIKE: Me neither.

JACK: I don't really think your grampa knows what he's talkin' about.

CHILD MONAGHAN: He don't, heh? (*Ready to weep*) Okay . . . Okay.

(*Bursting out*) I just hope that wind blows tomorrow, boy! I just hope that wind blows!

MUSIC: *Up and down.*

SOUND: *Creaking of a rocking chair.*

CHILD MONAGHAN: Grampa . . . ?

MONAGHAN: Huh?

CHILD MONAGHAN: Can you stop rocking for a minute? (*Rocking stops*) Can you put down your paper? (*Rustle of paper*) I—I read the weather report for tomorrow.

MONAGHAN: The weather report . . .

CHILD MONAGHAN: Yes. It says fair and cool.

MONAGHAN: What of it?

CHILD MONAGHAN: I was wondering. Supposing you and me we went on a boat tomorrow. You know, I see the water every day when I go down to the docks to play, but I never sat on it. I mean in a boat.

MONAGHAN: Oh. Well, we might take the ferry to the Jersey side. We might do that.

CHILD MONAGHAN: Yeh, but there's nothing to see in Jersey.

MONAGHAN: You can't go to Europe tomorrow.

CHILD MONAGHAN: No, but couldn't we go toward the ocean? Just . . . toward it?

MONAGHAN: Toward it. What—what is it on your mind, boy? What is it now?

CHILD MONAGHAN: Well, I . . .

MONAGHAN: Oh, you want to take

the Staten Island ferry. Sure, that's in the direction of the sea.

CHILD MONAGHAN: No, grampa, not the Staten Island ferry.

MONAGHAN: You don't mean—(*Breaks off*) Boy!

CHILD MONAGHAN: All the kids are going tomorrow with George's old man.

MONAGHAN: You don't believe me any more.

CHILD MONAGHAN: I do, grampa, but . . .

MONAGHAN: You don't. If you did you'd stay clear of the Statue of Liberty for love of your life!

CHILD MONAGHAN: But, grampa, when is it going to fall down? All I do is wait and wait.

MONAGHAN (*with some uncertainty*): You've got to have faith.

CHILD MONAGHAN: But every kid in my class went to see it and now the ones that didn't are going tomorrow. And they all keep talking about it and all I do . . . Well, I can't keep telling them it's a swindle. I—I wish we could see it, grampa. It don't cost so much to go.

MONAGHAN: As long as you put it that way I'll have to admit I'm a bit curious meself as to how it's managed to stand upright so long. Tell you what I'll do. Barrin' wind, we'll chance it tomorrow!

CHILD MONAGHAN: Oh, gramp!

MONAGHAN: But! If anyone should ask you where we went you'll say—Staten Island. Are y' on?

CHILD MONAGHAN: Okay, sure, Staten Island.

MONAGHAN (*secretively*): We'll take the early boat, then. Mum's the word, now. For if old man Sheean hears that I went out there I'll have no peace from the thief the rest of m'life.

MUSIC: *Up and down.*

SOUND: *Boat whistles.*

CHILD MONAGHAN: Gee, its nice ridin' on a boat, ain't it, grampa?

MONAGHAN: Never said there was anything wrong with the boat. Boat's all right. You're sure now that Georgie's father is takin' the kids in the afternoon.

CHILD MONAGHAN: Yeh, that's when they're going. Gee, look at those two sea gulls. Wheel—look at them swoop! They caught a fish!

MONAGHAN: What I can't understand is what all these people see in that statue that they'll keep a boat like this full makin' the trip, year in year out. To hear the newspapers talk, if the statue was gone we'd be at war with the nation that stole her the followin' mornin' early. All it is is a big pile of French copper.

CHILD MONAGHAN: The teacher says it shows us that we got liberty.

## About the author . . .

Arthur Miller's first play reached Broadway in 1944. It was titled *The Man Who Had All the Luck*, but the play folded after six days. In 1947 came *All My Sons*, which took the New York Drama Critics Circle Award for that year, later became a successful movie, and established its author solidly in the front ranks of America's playwrights. Mr. Miller's most recent play, *Death of a Salesman*, took the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1949 and is still on the boards—a long-run hit.

Now 25, Mr. Miller lives in Brooklyn where he grew up and about which he writes. He studied at Abraham Lincoln High School, played football, and after being graduated worked for several years in a plumbing supply house to earn enough money to get him started at the University of Michigan.

It was in his sophomore year at the university that Mr. Miller wrote his first play. It took only a week for him to pound it out, but it won a \$500 award and convinced him that he ought to make the writing of plays his life work. Mary Slattery, a fellow student who is now Mrs. Miller, shared this conviction. She never lost it, ever in the lean years when her earnings as a secretary were larger than his as a playwright.

Mr. Miller's favorite playwrights are the Norwegian Henrik Ibsen and the Russian Anton Chekhov. Among living playwrights his favorite is Eugene O'Neill.

In addition to his full-length stage plays, his radio plays, and movie scripts, Mr. Miller has also written a novel, *Focus*, which deals with problems of racial discrimination.



**P**ERHAPS your own experiments in composition have proved that animals make wonderfully natural subjects for just about any type of writing. Here are three outstanding contributions by teen-age writers—a short short story, a poem, and an essay. Each writer has a different “angle.” But they’ve all been inspired by the charm of one of our four-footed friends. Last spring, Janice Rhoads’ short short story won honors in the regional awards sponsored by the *Cleveland (Ohio) News* and an honorable mention in the National Scholastic Writing Awards.

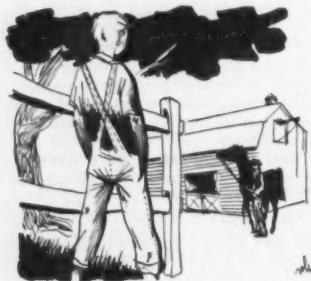
### Peanuts

The little boy in dingy blue overalls scuffed dejectedly along in the gully beside the road. His thoughts were on the errand which lay ahead of him. Over and over in his mind, he repeated the address of his obviously unpleasant destination—1351 Hillside Road. Shaking his head with an air of resignation, he turned down a side street at the edge of town and stopped before a mud-spattered sign which read

ENVERS RIDING ACADEMY  
HORSES FOR HIRE

Angrily he flicked a stone at the sign and turned toward the dilapidated barn.

A stoop-shouldered little man with blue denims bagging about his ankles emerged from the barn leading a spirited spotted mare. Lovingly, he rubbed her glossy neck and then, catching sight of the little boy, led her over to him. For just a moment the boy's eyes lit up in eagerness and then just as suddenly



clouded over again. Thrusting his grubby hands deep in his pockets and defiantly spreading his feet apart, he faced the old man. “Nice horse,” he blurted out.

The blue-denimed figure nodded slowly. “She’s my favorite. Can I do anything for you?”

# Young Voices

Selections Contributed by Student Writers

The boy's tongue suddenly loosened, and the words tumbled out, one after the other. “My name's Buddy and I want to sell my horse. How much will you give me?”

“Not so fast, son—not so fast! What kind of horse do you have?”

Buddy recited, “His name is Peanuts. He's fourteen hands high, seven years old, and black and white.”

The man's mouth curved upward, but he answered solemnly. “I could use another horse—that is, if he was a smart one.”

The boy raised himself to his full height of four feet, ten and one-quarter inches before replying indignantly. “Of course he's smart. He can do anything these old plugs can do!”

The man's smile broadened. “Why do you want to sell your horse?”

Buddy kicked at a small stone by his foot before answering. “Peanuts is sort of mischievous, and once he pulled the clothesline down and dragged the wash around the yard. Just because of that and a couple other little things Mom says I have to sell him.”

The man looked thoughtful. “What are the other little things?”

Buddy grinned sheepishly. “Well, once he swiped a pie my Mom had on the window sill. Then yesterday he ate up our vegetable garden. But he really isn't bad. We just can't seem to keep him penned up.”

The man nodded sympathetically. “If you bring your horse over tomorrow, we might be able to talk business. By the way, do you happen to know any young fellow about your size who wants work? I could use a good stable boy. But of course he'd have to know horses pretty well.”

Buddy repressed the look of joy and anticipation that came to his face and replied casually, “I might be able to find someone for you, Mr. Envers.”

“All my friends call me Sam,” the man replied with the same casualness.

“I'll be seeing you tomorrow then Mr.—uh—Sam. So long.”

Buddy turned and trudged down the road. Upon reaching the highway, he paused once again before the battered sign. Taking a rag from his pocket he

carefully wiped off the mud which partially covered the name Envers.

“Have to do something about that sign,” he muttered to himself. “People can't read it from a distance.”

Whistling gaily, he headed home.

**Janice Rhoads, 17**

John Marshall High School  
Cleveland, Ohio  
Teacher, Miss Schuenemann

### The Fawn

I know a very tiny fawn  
Whose skin is milky white;  
His eyes are black, and I am sure  
They glow within the night.

His hooves will never beat against  
The pebbles by a pool;  
He'll never feast on tufted grass  
Or seek the shady cool.

And oh! the yelp of hunter's hound  
Will never pierce his ear,  
Nor shall the cry of any beast  
Cause his cold heart to fear.

Nor shall he watch the snows glide  
down  
Like clusters of white stars,  
Nor look at flowers lapping rain  
Into their petal jars.

Neither can he run about  
And with the deerfolk play;  
He cannot even blink his eyes  
To register dismay.

Rather, he will stay the same  
Though many seasons pass  
Upon his cozy bedroom shelf—  
A figurine in glass.

**Joyce Gutzeit**

Visitation High School  
Chicago, Illinois

### Superman

Superman is a rather small cat, black as polished ebony, but he packs into his seven and one-half pounds a combination of intelligence, speed, power, and immaculate manners, unsurpassed by any other cat. Since he was a year old, I have seen him cut almost to

ribbons the biggest tomcats in the neighborhood and send them limping home. I've seen him burst upon invading dogs with incredible speed and fury and send them yowling in terror down the road. I've been over at Cornishes' and watched Sport, the foxhound, whine and slink under the stove when the banshee-like wails of Superman's war cry rose and fell on the night air. I've seen Superman leap six feet from the ground to snare an unwary sparrow. Time and again he's brought back rabbits and given them to the other cats. I've taught him tricks, like coming at a dead run when I whistle and jumping a ten-foot gap to my shoulder.

In the fall of 1946, when he was three months old, he broke his leg. The following fall, he fractured his tail and bruised his hip when he was run down by a herd of cattle. The next year he lost an eye after cutting it on a thorn bush. The year after that, three toes on his right foot had to be amputated after gangrene set in! Two days in a fox trap can do nasty things to a cat's foot. Despite these yearly handicaps, his fighting ability wasn't hampered in the least. Which brings us to the point of this essay.

One late spring afternoon, I'd been hunting woodchucks and had thrown my last shot at a high-flying crow. I missed. I was just coming over a rise in the ground when I saw them.

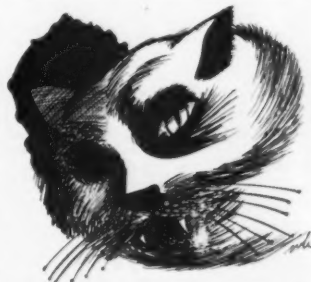
On one side was the largest woodchuck I'd ever seen. He must have weighed all of sixteen pounds and would have been more than a match for any ordinary dog. He was armed with the usual woodchuck weapons—sharp teeth, claws, and a hard-to-penetrate skin. On the other side was Superman, his seventeen scimitars ready and curving in their sockets. His lips curled back in a sneer showing the half-inch fangs, long even for a cat. His face was a black mask of cruel hate, with the one pale yellow eye glinting at the chuck. Superman moved closer. The gigantic chuck stood ready, those hand-like forepaws waiting to grasp the enemy and hold him while the powerful hind legs with their trowel-like claws would rip him open from neck to tail.

Superman's good right paw crashed to the woodchuck's face and sent him rolling. The chuck's sharp incisors snapped down. Missed! Instantly Superman was behind him. The full force of the black coil-spring body sent the giant again crashing to earth. Half-inch fangs sank into the chuck's neck. Then the cat sprang away an instant before those front incisors stabbed at a black hind quarter.

Superman, using his impossible speed, slashed again and again at the

flailing woodchuck, never getting too close, weaving and twisting like a boxer. When a seven-and-a-half-pound cat tangles with a sixteen-pound woodchuck one mistake would prove fatal to the cat. Then, too, woodchucks can absorb a terrific amount of punishment. They're the hardest to kill of the common rodents. Superman's claws lashed out again and again, aiming wisely for the face and forepaws. Pieces of woodchuck skin came loose from the body, and the oozing, clotting blood darkened the ragged brown fur. Then came the turning point of the battle.

One of the chuck's bloody forepaws reached too close. Superman's teeth closed on the upper part of the leg. The cat twisted, and the leg broke with a loud crack! The force carried Super-



man under the chuck. The chuck's other paw flashed around, but the cat's jaws clamped shut on it. Before the woodchuck could move, those black hindquarters with their sharp, curved weapons raked down the length of the fat brown body—one, two three times—laying open the stomach. The forepaw came off in Superman's mouth. Instantly he was away. He spat the thing contemptuously in the dirt.

The woodchuck sank down, making feeble and vain attempts at escape. For the second time Superman's fangs sank into the chuck's throat. The bones grated and cracked. The woodchuck struggled a little, then lay still. After a few moments Superman released his hold and looked at the dead animal in disgust. Then he licked the blood from his lips and cleaned his mouth of the brown fur that caught in his teeth. Satisfied, he glanced once more at the dead woodchuck and, producing a length of pink tongue, proceeded to bathe.

After all, the afternoon exertion had rumped his coat!

**William H. Welch, Jr.**  
Canandaigua (N. Y.) H. S.  
Teacher, Esther M. McKerr

In verse as spirited as her subject, Jane Boetcher evokes the scents, col-

ors, sounds, taste—the whole mood, in fact—of autumn. Her final metaphor adds the spice of "inner meaning" to an already lovely nature poem. Jane won a poetry commendation in last spring's Scholastic Writing Awards.

### The Vow

I smelled wood smoke and turned around,

And all of a sudden it was fall,  
With yellow leaves on the walnut tree,  
Flowers tumbling down the hill,  
Goldenrod with a blinding flame  
Pushing ahead. Summer was dead,  
And Autumn brazenly shouldered through

Flaunting her colors, gold and red.  
Her scent, overpowering, made me nod  
(Burning leaves and goldenrod).  
"Give me time," I begged, but she  
A scarlet petticoat flipped at me.  
At night a sickle moon hung low  
To drown in gold the world below,  
And the earth, to greet the moon,  
Sent from the field a cricket tune  
That swelled into a symphony.  
On a limb above my head  
Were autumn apples, sharp and red,  
And under my unheeding feet  
Lay purple asters, and the wheat  
Was full and golden in the field.

Then from my heart there rose a prayer  
To Him whose wisdom made me know  
That cider is as sweet to drink  
As summer honey. So I vow  
When I am old I shall not live  
For what is gone or cannot be,  
Because Time laughs at one who grieves.

I'll count my hoard of goldenrod,  
Spin silver from the milkweed pod,  
And fill my arms with autumn leaves.

**Jane W. Boetcher, 16**  
Eastern High School  
Baltimore, Md.  
Teacher, Alice E. Calder

### See Yourself in Print

● Have you a short story, poem, or essay of which you're especially proud? Send it to the Young Voices Editor, *Scholastic Magazines*, 7 East 12th St., New York 3, N. Y. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish your contribution returned. Material published is automatically considered for awards in the annual Scholastic Writing Awards and for honors in those areas where Regional Scholastic Writing Awards are sponsored by local newspapers. For Rules Booklet write Scholastic Writing Awards, 7 E. 12 St., New York 3, N. Y.

By HENRY GREGOR FELSEN

Illustrated by Charles Beck

# HOT ROD

*Book condensation in the author's own words;*

*the story of Bud and his crowd,*

*who loved speed and more speed until . . .*

**B**UD CRAYNE was a lanky, raw-boned boy of seventeen with a long face, bold, self-confident black eyes, and a thin mouth that almost always held a challenging, reckless smile. He wore an old fedora hat with the brim turned up in front and fastened to the crown with a giant safety pin, a tight-fitting black leather motorcycle jacket with zippers on the sides and sleeves and studded with metal buttons, and faded blue denim trousers. On his feet he wore short leather boots ornamented at the ankle with small brass chains.

Bud's parents had died when he was in grade school, and since that time he had lived with a bachelor uncle who shared furnished quarters with his young nephew. During his early years Bud enjoyed an unusual amount of independence. The more he could look after himself, the more he was allowed to. He learned a hard kind of self-reliance.

He had started hanging around Jake Clymer's garage almost at once. Jake let him stay, taught him about cars, and paid him for his work. Bud's real interest in cars led him to spend more and more time at Jake's, until, in his 'teens, he knew everything about cars that Jake could teach him, plus a good deal he'd learned himself out of books and magazines.

Bud had learned to drive while most boys were still struggling with bicycles. His leadership behind the wheel was seldom questioned.

At seventeen Bud was his own boss, resented any attempts by anyone to guide or counsel (he called it interfering with) his ways, and he not only worked at Jake's, but practically lived at the garage.

Growing up in this way without a family, Bud always felt different from the other boys and girls in town, and was always a little apart from them.

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When they turned to the warmth and love in their homes, he, left alone, turned to the garage, and his car. The hours that others spent with mothers, fathers, sisters or brothers Bud spent with his home-made hop-up. It was his family. He was in the habit-like cowboys who rode lonesome ranges for isolated days at a time and talked to their horses to break the silence-of talking to his car as though it were animate, and could understand, and sympathize.

Bud regarded himself a man, and thought (he thought) like a man. He had a job, and as soon as he was graduated from High School, he was going to be Jake's partner in the garage. Content with this future which assured him an income and a chance to experiment with motors, he considered himself old enough to marry. When high school was over with, and he was working full time, he intended marrying LaVerne Shuler. Why not? For the first time in his life, he would have a real home.

Meanwhile, Bud worked for Jake in his free time. When he wasn't working he was on the road. He tinkered with his rod for hours in order to have pleasant moments of speed on the highway. Not a day passed without Bud's taking time for a spin. It was more than a ride; it was more than speeding; more than killing time. In some ways these daily sessions on the road were his hours of meditation, of true self-expression, the balm for his soul and the boast of his spirit. In these flying hours he found his creed.

Jake Clymer, Bud's boss, was stretched out under a muddy Chevrolet with a trouble light. When he heard

Bud drive into the garage, Jake rolled out from under the Chevrolet and got to his feet, wiping his hands on some old rags.

"Have a nice run?"

"Fair," Bud said, lifting the hood of his car. "I chopped a new Plymouth without any trouble, but 'she didn't seem to fire right when I got toward four thousand RPM. I'll give my ignition system a look."

"Might be that new automatic pressure pump," Jake said. "But before you get lost with that, there's a little company business has to be done."

"Like what?" Bud asked in a bored voice.

"Like a grease job on that truck and a patch on that red tube in the corner."

"Okay," Bud said dispiritedly, hating to be torn from the interesting problem of his own mechanical troubles.

Bud got in the grease pit under the truck and knocked mud from a fitting so he could attach his gun. He worked with his hands, but his mind was busy with the probable causes of his own troubles.

Jake walked over to the side of the pit. "How are you coming with your plans for that run to Trenton?" he asked casually.

"Okay. . . . What run to Trenton?" Bud's voice was suddenly guarded.

Jake chuckled. "It's no secret, Bud. Everybody knows you've test-run the distance a dozen times. Hear you and Walt Thomas have a ten dollar bet on it."

"We were just talking," Bud grunted, pumping grease. "I said I could make Trenton in thirty minutes, and he said I couldn't."

**This book has been endorsed by the  
National Safety Council**



"It's forty miles," Jake said. "You'd have to average eighty."

"I can do better than that."

"And get killed trying," Jake said. "It ain't all on straight roads, Bud. You've got a full stop when you hit the highway, two big towns to go through and a couple of little ones. You'd have to be driving a hundred on the highway to make it, and we don't know what kind of traffic there'll be."

"I could still do it if I wanted to," Bud argued from under the truck.

"Don't let Walt Thomas get your goat, Bud. No ten dollar bet is worth killing yourself and maybe a couple of other people over. It's not right to drive like that on the highway."

"Did I say I was going to?" Bud demanded. "I just said I could if I wanted to. Somebody's been doing a lot of blabbing about me. I noticed Ted O'Day seemed to be hanging around this area a lot in the last week."

"That's the Highway Patrol's job," Jake said. "Ted's a good fellow."

"I don't care if he does hang around," Bud said defiantly. "I can run away from him any day in the week I want to. But just because I built a fast car, that's no reason for him to pick on me."

"You know what they say, Bud. Where there's smoke there's fire."

"Well, I'm not planning any speed run to Trenton," Bud said. "And you

can tell that to Ted O'Day when you see him."

"You tell him," Jake said. "I'm going home to supper, and Ted's driving up now."

"I'll tell him," Bud said. "That uniform doesn't scare me."

As Jake's legs moved out of Bud's field of vision, another pair moved in to take their place. Legs in brown boots and tan breeches. "Hello, Bud," came from above the legs.

"Hi," Bud answered shortly.

"How's your rod working?" Highway Patrolman Ted O'Day asked pleasantly. "Fair."

Bud watched narrowly as the booted legs moved toward his car. He hated to

have anyone touch it. "I saw you take that Plymouth," O'Day said. "He didn't have a chance."

"I guess not," Bud said noncommittally.

"You were moving pretty fast for the highway," O'Day said with mild reproach.

"There's no speed limit in this state," Bud came back. "Besides, I was testing my motor, that's all."

"What were you doing on the Avondale turn-off?" O'Day asked. "There is a law against reckless driving, and the way you were rocking back and forth across the road could be called that."

"It wasn't either," Bud said angrily. "I was testing something else. I looked. There weren't any other cars on the road. I didn't risk anybody's neck but my own, and that's my business."

"It's mine, too," O'Day snapped. "You know, Bud, there is a law against suicide."

Bud put away the grease gun and crawled out of the pit. "What are you following me around for?" Bud demanded. "I've never been in any wrecks, have I? Have I ever done anything I ought to get pulled in for? I obey lights and signs as well as the next guy. Maybe better."

Ted O'Day brushed off a place on the running board of the Chevrolet and sat down. He was a big six-footer with broad shoulders, a square jaw, light blue eyes and red hair. "You're all right, Bud," he said. "It's those other guys."

"Yeah," Bud agreed readily. "Those other . . . What do you mean?"

"That's what they all say," Ted said grinning. "It's always the other guy. But forget it. I wanted to have a look at your motor."

"Okay," Bud said, feeling flattered. He lifted the hood and proudly displayed the gleaming motor to O'Day.

The highway patrolman's eyes lighted appreciatively. He leaned across a fender and took in every detail.

"What do you think could be wrong?" Bud asked. "It seemed to be working fine until I got up around . . . around a hundred, and then it went mushy. I'd like to get rid of that bug."

Both of them leaned over the motor while Bud examined the first of his three carburetors. "I want these jugs perfect," Bud muttered. "Can't take any chances conking out. . . ."

" . . . on the speed run to Trenton," O'Day finished.

Bud froze. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said in a flat voice.

"I do," O'Day said genially. "I heard all about it."

Bud faced the patrolman defiantly. "So what if I do want to make a trip to Trenton? Is that against the law?"

"If you try to make it in thirty minutes, it's bound to be," O'Day answered.

"Don't be a fool, Bud. A run like that over the public highway and through towns is like opening fire with a pistol in a crowd."

"I know how to . . ." Bud began.

"Sure you know how," O'Day said. "I've seen you drive, and I'll tell you myself that I don't know anyone who can handle a car better than you can. But Bud, what about the people who might get in your way, and get rattled? Can you speak for the other drivers you'll meet in tight spots? You can handle the speed of a hundred, but can the people you meet?"

Bud looked at his motor thoughtfully. "I never thought about it that way," he confessed.

"That's the way it is, Bud," O'Day drove home his point. "You like cars, Bud, and you like speed. Okay. There's a place for experiments and for speed, but the public highway isn't that place. I don't want you killing others or yourself trying that Trenton run. You're too important, Bud. Here, in this little shop, you might find something that will make you famous. Do you want to risk losing that over a little speed? And what about LaVerne? Isn't she worth slowing down for?"

Bud nodded silently, reluctantly.

"I don't want to pick on you," O'Day said. "When you're out alone on the road, and the road is clear and you want to test something, you've a right to open up. But stay away from tricks like the Trenton run. It's like playing chicken, and rotation, and . . ."

"I don't do that crazy stuff," Bud interrupted.

"I know. But if you drive recklessly you're setting a bad example. The others can't match your speed, so they try to show off in other ways. In games. You're looked up to by the other fellows, Bud. They know you're tops behind the wheel, and they'll follow your example. Set a good one."

Bud rubbed his chin with his hand. "If you put it that way, I guess the run is off."

"Good boy," O'Day said. He prepared to leave. "Maybe some day when I'm off duty you'll take me out for a ride, eh?"

"Sure," Bud grinned. "Any time."

O'Day got in his patrol car and drove away. Bud went down in the grease pit again and continued his work on the truck. O'Day was okay, really. What he'd said made sense. No use getting knocked off just because a guy like Walt Thomas got under your skin. There wasn't going to be any Trenton run. He'd tell Walt, and tell him why—as much as you could tell Walt anything.

In his mind Bud could see how Walt would react to the news that the Trenton run was off. He'd blow to everybody that Bud had lost his nerve and

was chicken, and throw his big stupid weight around and make a lot of noise with his big stupid voice.

It wasn't going to be easy taking any guff from Walt, because he knew he could make Trenton in thirty minutes. Once he did it, he could shut Walt up for good. Of course, he'd half-promised O'Day not to make the run, but O'Day didn't understand. You couldn't let a guy like Walt crow over you for nothing.

### The Roadsee Scholarship

Everything was set for the Trenton run. Bud had added weight with a couple of bags of sand, the weather was good, and it was the time to go. He wondered about taking someone along. He ought to have a witness with him.

Bud heard a car drive up. He was met at the garage door by Guy Cole, the shop teacher at the high school. Mr. Cole was a slight, mild man with thinning blond hair. Bud liked Mr. Cole because the little man could talk motors with him. But Bud wasn't anxious to get involved in talk with his Trenton run an hour away.

"Well, Bud," Mr. Cole greeted him, "how are your experiments with the carburetors coming along?"

"Fair." The answer was designed to discourage conversation, but Mr. Cole didn't seem to notice.

"Bud," Mr. Cole said seriously, "I need your help in a very important project. I want to save some lives."

Bud looked at the floor. It was coming now. A lecture about his Trenton run.

"I want your help," the teacher said, "in getting a Driver Training Program established here at Avondale High."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Well," Mr. Cole said, "you know a driver can't really be tops unless he understands the machine he's operating. I thought you might like to help teach automobile operation and function. You could get that across."

"Sure," Bud agreed. "I'd explain everything I knew."

"Fine, Bud. That would be a fine beginning. And one more thing."

"Yes?"

"I'd like you to be the first one to sign up for the course of driving instruction."

Bud's chin dropped. "Me? I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"Not me," Bud said, shaking his head. "Why gosh, Mr. Cole, what could I learn about handling a car? Even Ted O'Day, the highway patrolman, told me I was tops when it came to driving. I'd look silly making believe I didn't know how to shift or steer. I'd get razed right out of school. I'd be glad to help teach, though."

It was Mr. Cole's turn to protest.

"Teach? I should say not, Bud. You don't understand the idea of driver training."

"To drive," Bud said. "Nothing to that."

"Bud," Mr. Cole said, "tell me what you think of this. In our state, only one per cent of the drivers are under twenty, yet they're involved in over twelve per cent of the accidents. Any comment?"

"Some of them don't know how to drive, that's all," Bud said.

"I'm not through. Of those drivers under twenty who had accidents, seven per cent were because of excessive speed, another seven per cent for following other cars too closely, and another seven disregarded stop signs or traffic lights. Now, Bud, fifteen per cent of those accidents were caused by failure to yield the right of way, and twelve per cent for being on the wrong side of the road. What does that mean to you?"

"They're dumb," Bud said. "How can you cure that?"

"They're not dumb, Bud. Those young drivers haven't learned to drive. They can operate a car all right, and make it go as fast as anyone else, but they haven't learned the one most important factor in driving—the proper attitude. The purpose of the driver training program is to teach not only proper driving habits, but the proper attitude."

Bud took off his old fedora hat. "I don't see why you want me in the course," he said. "I can drive, and you want to teach non-drivers."

"You need it, too," Mr. Cole said.

"Not me," Bud's pride was hurt. "I just couldn't do it, Mr. Cole. I can't see myself making believe I don't know how to drive."

"We need you, Bud," Mr. Cole said. "All the boys and girls around here look up to you when it comes to cars. They all want to be like you. You're influencing them to be hot-rodgers. And since they can't handle a car as well as you can, they have accidents. But if you took driver training, and admitted you could learn something from it, they'd all come in."

Bud stared past Mr. Cole, a grim look on his mouth.

"There's another reason I wanted to see you," Mr. Cole said. "Bud, how would you like to win a scholarship to an engineering school, all expenses paid?"

Bud whirled, everything else forgotten. "Whaaat?" He couldn't believe his ears. A future, a real future. . . .

"Perhaps I shouldn't tell you about this now," Mr. Cole said, "but maybe it will save you from making that crazy run to Trenton. Bud, in an effort to lower the teen-age accident rate in the state, there is going to be a Teen-Age

Rodeo. The winning driver gets a complete college scholarship."

"I can win it," Bud said wildly. "I can win it. Honest, Mr. Cole, I can win it."

"Maybe, Bud, I'm not so sure."

Bud's eyes glowed. "I can out-drive any . . ."

"In the first place, Bud," Mr. Cole said, "you'd have to win the county contest."

"Easy," Bud said. "That's easy."

"In the second place, any driver with even one traffic violation on his record in the twelve months preceding the contest won't be allowed to enter."

"My record's clean," Bud said. "Not a ticket."

"I told you about the Rodeo in advance so you wouldn't make that wild ride to Trenton," Mr. Cole said. "Now is it worth calling off?"

Bud laughed exultantly. "You bet it is, Mr. Cole. Why, once I've won that scholarship, I'll be on my way."

Mr. Cole smiled slightly. "In that case, you'd better let me start instructing you."

Bud choked. "But Mr. Cole. . . ."

"Believe me, Bud, you'll lose if you don't."

Bud set his jaw stubbornly. This was one point on which he wouldn't budge. "I'll keep out of trouble, Mr. Cole, but I'll stick to my own brand of driving."

"I won't argue about that any more," Mr. Cole said, "but you think it over. That's good enough for now. You've got something to work for, Bud. Keep your nose clean."

Bud chuckled. "Don't worry. From now on, I don't drive over thirty. Not with that scholarship. . . . Thanks," Bud called as Mr. Cole left. "Thanks a lot."

Bud walked slowly into the garage and to his hop-up. If there was only some way to fix Walt Thomas without taking the chance of losing a place in the Rodeo. . . .

LaVerne Shuler halted just inside the garage door. LaVerne stood for a moment, watching Bud.

"Bud, are you still worrying about Walt Thomas? I dislike him as much as you do. It just drives me wild to hear him bragging about the way he made you back down. No girl likes to see her boy friend made to look like a fool. If you could only make that run and shut him for good. . . ."

"I'd like to," Bud said viciously.

"Then why don't you?"

"If I get caught. . . ."

"You won't get caught," LaVerne argued. "Who's going to catch you?"

Bud looked at his car, and a reckless grin touched his lips. "Nobody could catch me if I didn't want to be caught."

"I know it. Then why take Walt's brags? You know how the kids at school feel. They think you're . . . yellow. You

don't have to live with that, Bud."

"Not if I don't want to." Bud was weakening.

"Then let's do it, Bud. Afterwards you can give up driving if you want to, and nobody could say a word. Let's show them."

Bud stared at the floor. Maybe LaVerne had the answer. If he made that run quietly, nobody would know about it until it was over. Then, having won back his place in the eyes of his friends, he could forget speed, and concentrate on winning the Rodeo. Actually, he could best help Mr. Cole if he made the Trenton run. After he made the run the fellows would all respect him again, and then if he even took driver training, they wouldn't be able to laugh. Then they'd really come in.

Yes, that was the answer. Bud patted the fender of his car, laughing again. "Trenton, here we come," he said aloud. This was it!

### Thirty Minutes to Trenton

LaVerne got in first, and then Bud went around and slid behind the wheel. He reached in the glove compartment and pulled out a sheet of paper with a column of writing and figures. "Here," Bud said, taking off his watch and giving it to LaVerne with the paper. "You keep time."

LaVerne looked at the paper. "What is it?"

"My schedule. According to that, we should be heading out of town past the garage in exactly three minutes at forty miles an hour. If you look down the sheet you'll see I've got my time figured out to the second. I've practiced this run plenty."

Bud stabbed the gas pedal while still in low gear and a mighty roar filled the Avondale street. His roadster leaped forward in a shower of dirt.

Opposite the drug store Bud shifted into second. As they sped past, two boys looked out, eyes wide. LaVerne leaned out of the window, too thrilled to be quiet. "Trenton!" she shrieked. The two boys yelled an answer that was lost in a cloud of dust and noise.

"On the dot," LaVerne said briefly to Bud as they roared past the garage.

"Next check, the intersection at the highway," Bud said. Still in second gear he roared into the S-turn under the railroad tracks, and went around picking up speed. Out of the turn he opened up, and his engine was screaming before he shifted quickly into high and headed for Ninety-Mile-Curve.

He was up over ninety in a surge of power, hitting close to a hundred as he approached the long banked curve. He was all set to take it in stride, and then he yelled his disappointment.

Half-way around the curve ahead, on Bud's side of the road, a farmer was driving down the highway with a team

and a loaded wagon. Coming into Ninety-Mile-Curve from the south were three cars, spaced about a hundred yards apart. The lead car was almost to the wagon.

There was only a split-second in which to make a decision, and Bud made it. There wasn't time to pass at a hundred, and Bud didn't dare try it any faster. He pumped his brake, burning rubber, bellowing angrily. LaVerne was white-faced.

Bud wasn't helpless. Powerless to pass on the left or stop in time—and reluctant to slow to the wagon's pace anyway—Bud took a chance. He knew the ground was hard alongside the road, and, inside the curve, it was clear. He was down to fifty as he swept up to the slow-moving wagon, and, at the last second he cut sharply to the right. The moment he was off the pavement and on the hard ground, Bud cut back to his left.

In a whirl of motion Bud was passing the wagon with wheels digging dirt, the farmer was shouting, the two horses, frightened, were rearing, and LaVerne's shrill scream filled the cab of the racing car. Dead ahead, pulling on the highway from a side road, was a black sedan. The driver, half on the highway and half on dirt, heard the roar of Bud's motor and looked over in time to see Bud bouncing past the wagon and about to smash into him. The frightened driver jammed on his brakes and covered his face.

Bud bellowed as he saw the car in front of him come to a halt. He'd expected the other driver to keep going, and get out of his way. Bud pulled his wheel to the left, power on, and headed back on the highway. He bounced over the curb, shot past the nose of the other car, and pulled back into his own lane with screeching tires just in time to avoid a head-on collision with the third of the three cars he had seen coming from the south.

"I lost time there," Bud said grimly. "Of all the times to run into traffic!"

"I thought we were going to get killed," LaVerne said weakly.

"We didn't. Do you want to quit?"

"N-no, Bud. It's . . . it's exciting once it's over all right."

"Dumb drivers you meet," Bud grunted, shoving his car faster and faster. "Stopping right in front of us."

Bud squinted over the big white steering wheel. "How do we stand on time at the intersection?"

LaVerne checked with the time sheet and the watch. "About twenty seconds late."

"And this full stop ahead," Bud said. "I could make up most of that time if there wasn't a stop sign. Road looks clear to the left."

"Clear to the right," LaVerne said.

"I don't like to do this," Bud said,

"but if it's clear, I'll make an exception. Here we go." And, instead of slowing to a stop, Bud pushed down on the gas pedal. When he was on the highway he settled down for the straight ten-mile stretch ahead. There was no limit on this road. Faster . . . faster. . .

"Bud," LaVerne said timidly.

"Yeah?" He gave her a quick look.

"I told a little lie."

"What about?"

"There was a car coming from my side, but I knew we would get through in time."

"Don't worry about it," Bud said. "Everybody runs through a stop sign once in a while."

"I think the car is following us, Bud."

"He won't catch us." Bud glanced in the rear-vision mirror. "Holy Cow!"

"What's the matter, Bud?"

"That car behind us. Highway patrol."

### About the Author . . .

• Born in Brooklyn in 1916, Henry Gregor Felsen was graduated from Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn. He then spent two years at the State University of Iowa, left when his funds ran out, and went to sea. Later he returned to Iowa, married, and settled down to writing. He wrote fact detective stories, edited Sunday school magazines, wrote short stories for young people, switched to books, pounded out nine books in 18 months, then took time out to join the Marine Corps in World War II. At present Mr. Felsen lives at West Des Moines, Iowa, with his wife, young son and daughter. It is the Des Moines Rodeo that is described in *Hot Rod*.

LaVerne stared out of the rear window. "He is catching us, Bud."

"He won't. How's our time?"

"Right on the nose, Bud."

Bud laughed. "He won't catch us. You'll see."

The patrol car gained slowly. Bud kept glancing in his rear-vision mirror, and smiling tightly. "How much after?" he asked.

LaVerne checked. "Twenty-two minutes and fifteen seconds."

"Hear anything?"

"Like what?"

"Like a train."

LaVerne listened, looking at Bud with a puzzled expression on her face. "Yes," she said suddenly. "I hear it. It's . . . the Rocky Mountain Rocket."

Bud coaxed another five miles an hour from his motor. "Here's where we lose the patrol."

"Bud . . . The train . . . Be careful, Bud."

"Don't worry," he muttered.

They bore down on the railroad

crossing. From their right came the long-drawn warning horn of the Rocket, a train that crossed the road at ninety miles an hour.

"Good old Rocket," Bud said. "Always on time."

The railroad crossing lights began flashing a red signal, and long black-and-white striped gates came down from their vertical resting positions. LaVerne whimpered.

Bud increased his speed as the gates came down to block his way. He hit the tracks and almost flew over the rough crossing. He got across just as the gates dropped into place, and seconds later the silver train raced by.

"There," Bud said. "Told you we'd lose the patrol. By the time the gates are up and he gets going, we'll be out of sight."

LaVerne's face was still white. "We might have been hit."

"Not a chance. The only thing that worried me, I thought the train might be late. I told you I had this figured. I timed that train for a week straight, just in case we were chased. And I figured it right."

"I thought you were taking a chance," LaVerne said.

"Me take a chance? Never. I figure everything. That's why we'll make it."

LaVerne smiled. "I ought to know I could trust you, Bud. You don't do anything foolish like . . . like the others do."

They flashed by a sign announcing the town of Hamton, speed limit twenty-five miles an hour. Bud slowed to fifty as he came into the town, and, as everything was quiet in the little village, he went back up to seventy.

"That was easy," he said, breaking a long silence. "It will be a little tougher to get through Blairsville."

Back on the open highway Bud resumed his normal terrific speed. "How we coming?" he asked.

LaVerne glanced at the watch and sheet of paper in her lap. "All right. On time." She yawned, and the monotony of speed took over.

"Blairsville," Bud said in a few minutes. "Are we still on the nose? I'll have to creep through this town."

"All right," LaVerne said sleepily. "All . . . No, I make a mistake, Bud. I read in wrong. We're a minute late."

"What!" Bud bawled disgustedly. "Keep an eye out for cops!"

They raced through the first streets without interruption, and reached the business section, which was clustered around a town square. Working his gas and brakes when needed, Bud roared and blasted and churned his way around slow-moving traffic, drove oncoming cars off to the side, and left a trail of dust and angry drivers behind him. In a few moments he was through and leaving town.

"The town police car is after us," LaVerne said, looking back.

"We'll lose him in two minutes," Bud answered. But it didn't look too easy. Traffic was heavier on this side of Blairsville.

There was no other way out. Bud opened up. He swept around the car ahead, ducked in to avoid an oncoming car, and made his tires smoke as he took off in the clear. A moment later the police car was also in the clear, and coming fast. Bud wheeled into a series of turns, his car rocking and tires screeching.

But the law hung on, grimly, the siren an order for Bud to halt. Bud took a better grip on the wheel and went on, faster. He couldn't allow himself to be caught. If he was, there went the Roadie, the chances for his scholarship. He glanced fleetingly at LaVerne. It was her fault. If she hadn't coaxed him. . . .

Bud charged into a turn and caught up with another car. As he pulled out to pass, he saw another car coming at him. This was no time to drop back and give the law a chance. Bud pushed the gas pedal to the floor and see-sawed around the turn, heading right at the approaching car. The other driver chose the ditch to a head-on collision and went off the road. Bud sped on without looking back. LaVerne looked. He heard her gasp.

"What happened?"

"That car . . . It went over on its side. The police are stopping for it."

"How's our time now?"

"We're making it back. Only thirty seconds slow."

"All right. Here's where we make back that thirty."

The road was open and clear once more, with good long stretches of straight road. Now or never, Bud figured. He went up over a hundred until he was running at better than a hundred and ten. He made back the thirty seconds before they reached Holcomb.

The police were waiting for him at Holcomb. Word had evidently been sent ahead, and as Bud approached the town he was flagged by a local policeman standing beside a police car.

Bud pumped his brakes gently, his narrowed eyes taking in every detail. As the policeman on foot flagged him another cop in the car drove ahead, so that the police car blocked the road.

LaVerne looked at Bud with dismay as he slowed. It was all over.

Bud was going very slowly now, driving straight at the police car in evident surrender. They were close enough to see the grim faces of the policemen watching them come on. Bud cut his speed again, and the policeman on foot turned to say something to the other one behind the wheel. It was the moment Bud had been waiting for.

Before the police realized that Bud wasn't going to stop, he was on his way. He drove off the highway and went around the police car with his foot on the floorboard, his back wheels sending out a shower of dirt and gravel. In another moment he was back on the road.

LaVerne, looking out of the back window, screamed. She ducked down and covered against the seat. "Bud! They're shooting at us!" As LaVerne screamed her warning something tore through the back of the car. Bud looked in his rear vision mirror and saw the cop on the ground shooting, while the one in the car was swinging around violently.

Bud's answer to the bullet was the same as his answer to everything else in his way—more speed. As he raced into Holcomb he rolled his car from one side of the road to the other.

He stopped rocking from side to side when he saw the policeman jump into the police car as it came after him. Bud was grim, and angry. Shooting, were they? He'd show them. Shooting, as though he were an escaped murderer or something. Shooting, just because he was driving fast!

There were traffic lights in Holcomb, but Bud didn't care about them. Behind him the police siren was shrieking loud enough to be heard all over town. Bud pressed down on his horn ring and kept it down. The horn and the siren worked together. Motorists on the streets heard the two sounds and stopped. Bud tore past intersections at top speed.

Out of Holcomb and on the open road again. The Holcomb police chased him for five miles, but they couldn't get within shooting or any other range.

Speed. More speed. Thirty minutes . . . he'd make Trenton in twenty-nine.

"Bud . . ." LaVerne sounded troubled. "Yeah?"

"Do you think the police will be waiting for us at Trenton?"

"Probably."

"What are you going to do?"

"As soon as we hit Trenton, the fun will start."

"Start!"

"I have to turn around and get back to work, don't I?"

"Even if we get away, Bud. They'll be watching the highway."

"We're not taking the highway. We're taking the back roads home. We can lose them in the country."

The chase was on, all right, and Bud liked it.

A few scattered houses appeared along the road, and ahead they could see the outlines of a town. Trenton. A sign announcing the city limits of Trenton loomed up on the right. "Time this," Bud said tightly.

As they roared past the sign LaVerne cried out, "Got it!" She figured rapidly.

"Twenty-nine minutes and ten seconds. Bud, you made it in under thirty minutes. You darling!"

"Let's watch out for cops. It's getting dark, and they might be hard to see."

LaVerne looked out again. "I don't see anyone. Turn around, Bud, and let's start back."

"Seems funny," Bud said, frowning. The cops were up to something, yet the road ahead into Trenton seemed clear.

"I'll turn at the next road," he said. "We'll hit a back road that will lead us home." He pumped his brakes gently, warily ready to turn off and start home.

It was a good thing Bud looked ahead. Before he turned he looked down the dirt road. And far down, where he saw them by luck, were the cops. They had figured he'd turn, and the back roads were blocked.

Bud didn't hesitate. He headed into Trenton, his motor thundering once more. "Not so easy, boys!" Bud shouted. "Not so easy!" He raced toward the heart of Trenton, its streets heavy with traffic.

### The Hunt

Twisting, skidding, motor roaring and horn blaring, Bud bulled his way into the heart of the city. He wrestled with his wheel, leading the police in long straight chases, then hooking tight turns that they could not follow without losing speed.

Supremely confident, Bud toyed with his pursuers, and when it was dark enough he led them through twisting streets, shut off his lights when the going was clear, and escaped them in the darkness.

North of Trenton, Bud worked his way back to the main highway again. When he was on concrete, he flicked on his bright lights and sent his little car hurtling through the night.

"Bud . . ." There was a note of alarm in LaVerne's voice. "Aren't we coming into Holcomb?"

"Right."

"They're the ones who shot at us, Bud."

"I aim to give these Holcomb cops one more run for their money," Bud said grimly in the darkness. "After what's happened today, I may lose my license to drive. But before I do, I'll fix these birds for taking a shot at us."

He slid into Holcomb quietly. Then he headed past the police station wide open in second gear. The noise was deafening. As Bud reached the police station he blew several defiant blasts with his horn, and gunned away.

As he expected, the Holcomb police gave chase. He slowed down until he saw their flashing red light behind him, and heard the thin wail of their siren. Then he opened up, enough to lose

them. Just outside of town he hit the dirt roads again, with the police car in hot pursuit.

He swung north, along a road that had been gravelled, and increased his speed. He went up to seventy, feeling as though he would fly off the road at any moment. The police came on.

"Hang on, LaVerne," Bud warned. "We're going to lose these boys in a minute."

The police car gained, but Bud held at seventy. "Get ready for a square turn," Bud said quietly. "To the left. At seventy. This road comes to a dead end up ahead. It's being repaired, and there's a barricade. Another road crosses at the barricade, back to the highway. We're taking the turn and losing the cops."

Bud headed straight for the barricade at seventy. But at the last fraction of a second he acted with swift, sure movements.

As Bud's foot came off the accelerator and hit his brakes hard, he spun the big white wheel to the left. Then, as fast as he could move his right foot he jammed it back on the gas pedal. The stubby little car spun to the left. For a long second the hop-up traveled sideways, threatening to overturn, and then with the wheels spinning powerfully, the skid was checked, and the little car shot ahead, clawing its way back on the road.

Bud wasn't out of the way a moment too soon. The police car swayed violently as it skidded to the turn, and, as the driver tried to follow Bud, the patrol car went off the road and bounced into the fields, finally bumping to a halt.

He was in the clear. LaVerne told him what had happened to the police. When he heard they were off the road, ditched, Bud felt he had his revenge.

Now that the run was over, and pursuit eluded, there was a letdown. Now that he could review the hectic time they had gone through he felt a sense of futility. So he had made the run and won ten dollars from Walt Thomas—so what? Look what he'd lost doing it. In a moment of anger and pride he'd made a fast, stupid decision. He'd wrecked his chances for a decent future.

There would be a list of charges as long as his arm. He'd be jailed, fined, and forbidden to drive. He was out of the Roadeo, his chances to win a scholarship were dead. He'd lost everything, just because he was afraid of being called chicken.

It was late when Bud slipped into Avondale. The town was dark and quiet. To prevent his car from being seen accidentally, Bud used his key to open the garage and drove inside. Leaving his car, Bud eased out of the garage and walked across to the service

station building. He unlocked the door. Bud closed the door behind him. He froze as the lights went on.

"Hello, Bud. We were waiting for you."

Bud turned at the sound of a familiar voice. Standing by the light switch, their faces grave, were Ted O'Day and Mr. Cole.

Bud looked at the two men. A sudden heaviness gripped his arms and legs. He looked down at his booted feet. "Yeah," he said. "I guess it's all over . . . now."

[While Bud was out terrorizing the highway, Ted O'Day and Mr. Cole were at the office of the local judge, begging him to keep Bud out of jail. They argued that Bud would be a martyr to the other kids because he wasn't caught on the road, and he and his kind of driving would be big stuff. The judge agreed to put the case aside for six months, and O'Day and Mr. Cole agreed to assume responsibility for Bud. There would not be anything against his record for six months and Bud would be eligible for the Roadeo.]

Bud was made to promise that he would not drive or even ride in an automobile as a passenger until the County Roadeo took place. The exception to the rule was that Bud could drive a car only with Mr. Cole or Ted O'Day along instructing him. The car would be marked with a sign warning other motorists that it was a training car with a beginning driver at the wheel. Bud refused to take any instruction. He felt that his brand of driving was as good as any that was taught.

Ted O'Day and Mr. Cole wanted Bud to lose in the Roadeo. They knew that his attitude toward driving would beat him in competition with a driver who had been taught by approved driver training methods. Therefore, they planned to take a boy who had never driven before and teach him to drive correctly. O'Day and Mr. Cole trained one of Avondale's star athletes, Chuck Ridell to take part in the Roadeo.]

### The County Roadeo

The county Roadeo was being held at the Fair Grounds in Greenfield, the county seat. Forbidden to touch the wheel until the Roadeo itself, Bud rode over with Ralph. He wasn't worried about handling Ralph's car. He had driven it many times in the past, and as soon as he was behind the wheel, he would be ready for anything.

Ralph parked his car in a special

section where, with other competing cars, it would be examined by experts for its condition, and to be certain it had only stock equipment.

Bud drew many curious glances as he walked around with Ralph. He knew he was recognized, and others were talking about him, and it made him proud.

A voice coming over a loud-speaker directed them to take their places in the pavilion used for judging stock during the county fair. The young drivers filed in.

The opening speech of welcome and instruction was given by a gray-haired official of the state safety commission . . .

"Now, I won't delay you any longer. You have all been given numbers, and we'll get under way. The even numbers will go out to the contest grounds to begin their driving tests, the odd numbers will stay where they are and begin with the written test."

Bud glanced down at his number. Thirty-seven. He frowned, and for the first time felt a loss of confidence. "What do they mean, written test?" he demanded of Ralph. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Search me," Ralph answered, getting to his feet. "Well, I'm an even number. See you after the fireworks."

Bud didn't answer. He stared with hostile eyes at the men who were walking along the rows of contestants handing out pencils and sheets of paper.

"Everyone have his questions?" the official in the center of the stock ring asked. "All right. When I give the signal, unfold your papers and fill in the answers. There are ten questions, and you have ten minutes to answer. They're all True or False questions, so you won't have any writing to do. Just thinking. Ready? Go!"

[After the written test, where Bud lost points because of his attitude toward the other driver on the road, came the driverometer test. In this test a driver's wheel, gas pedal, and brake were mounted before a movie screen. A film was run which gave the illusion of driving on the highway and on city streets. Various situations came up on the screen. Bud had to handle them as quickly as he could. On this test, too, his brand of driving licked him. He lost points that a driver trained by approved methods would have made. After this came the road tests. They were tough and Bud gave a brilliant exhibition of driving, but he lost points when he failed to use hand signals.]

When all the tests had been run, the drivers went back to the stock pavilion to await the results.

Bud sat alone, as though his victory had set him apart from the others. He had won, he was sure of that, and he had proved to O'Day, Cole, and all the rest that he couldn't be beaten behind the wheel. But there was little elation in Bud's heart. What did it mean? Could anyone else, taking his advice, do the same? He had proved that he was the top driver, and that was all.

The officials began announcing the awards. They began with the smallest prizes and worked toward the top.

Fourth prize, third prize. They went to strangers. Bud frowned. Why hadn't Chuck won anything? He'd done a good job, as far as Bud had seen. Good enough to win one of the higher prizes.

Second prize. A name was called and Bud, expecting to hear Chuck's name, looked to see who would rise. The name was called again, and for the first time, he heard it, but he refused to believe what he heard. "Second prize of one hundred dollars, won by Bud Crayne, of Avondale. Come up and get your prize, Bud. Don't be bashful."

He went because they were all looking at him, and he couldn't escape. He went down to the platform, his face red. Who had beaten him? Who? WHO?

"First prize of two hundred dollars goes to the boy who will represent the county at the state-wide Rodeo. It gives me pleasure to award this prize to our outstanding young driver of the day . . . Chuck Liddell, also of Avondale. Come and get your prize, Chuck, and our congratulations to you for . . ."

Bud heard it all in stunned surprise. Chuck had won. How? How? It wasn't right. He'd been robbed. He'd been cheated. It wasn't fair . . .

Someone was telling Bud that he was an alternate to the state Rodeo, but he didn't want to listen. Alternate . . . second best. . . He was the best. He was the best.

Another official was talking to Bud. "Great exhibition of driving, son. Almost a perfect score behind the wheel. Too bad you lost so many points on the Driverometer movie and forgetting to signal. The little things beat you, son. Just the little ones."

### Hide and Seek

[One moonlit night, not long after the Rodeo, Walt Thomas and Ralph loaded their cars with the gang and took off in a fox hunt. Ralph started first with a five-minute head start. Then Walt went off to hunt him. Walt had to catch Ralph in thirty minutes to win. Chuck did not want to come along; it was not his idea of fun; but he let himself be coaxed into going. To keep Walt from finding him, Ralph drove in the dark. They thought it was fun until the moon, for one fleeting instant,

played hide and seek with a cloud when both cars were approaching the railroad trestle from opposite directions.]

Bud listened to the sound of Walt's motor fade in the night. Others were driving and having fun, and they hadn't won the Rodeo. Why had the loss made him feel incompetent? That's why he didn't drive any more. He'd lost faith in his ability to handle a car.

Bud looked up as a car drove on the gravel outside and stopped. A moment later Ted O'Day came in. As far as Bud knew, this was a casual visit, but it had been planned between Ted and Guy Cole. They knew he'd quit driving, and they knew why. Bud was flat on his back, so to speak, and they wanted him in the fight again. The teacher and the patrolman planned to catch Bud at this lowest point in his life and try to build him up again, into something strong and positive.

"Howdy, Bud," O'Day said cheerfully. "How's business?"

"Fair."

"Closing up soon?"

"About now."

"Good," Ted said. "I'm off duty now myself. I'd like to take you up on an offer you made once."

"What's that?"

"A spin in your rod. How about taking me out for a drive? Forget I'm a cop, and show me what you've done with that motor. I'd like to know."

"I don't drive it any more," Bud said.

"Come on, just this one time."

A look of something like fear came into Bud's eyes as he thought of the road. "I'd rather not, Please." His voice sounded strained.

O'Day pretended not to notice. "Just five minutes, Bud. Be a good sport."

"Okay," Bud said reluctantly. "Just for a couple of minutes."

Bud felt awkward as they drove off

in his car. They took it easy on the road, loafing along. Ted kept up a running comment on the fine qualities of Bud's car, noticing little important things that the ordinary rider missed.

"I'm heading for home," Bud said after a while.

"Oh, no," O'Day protested. "Show me a little speed."

Bud shook his head. "I've lost my touch."

"Try to get it back," Ted urged. "Aren't you going to do anything about it?"

"Why try?" Bud asked, his voice tight. "I lost this year. To a beginner. I'll never be any better. Never. I lost. I . . ."

Bud turned toward O'Day with his mouth open. "Did you hear that?"

"I did," O'Day's face and voice were grim. "Go to it, Bud. We may be needed."

Bud speeded up. He drove over the country road they had been traveling until it reached the highway, and then turned toward town. At Ninety-Mile-Curve his lights showed what they had heard. It was as though a bomb had been dropped on the two cars, and Bud's headlights illuminated what was left of Ralph's car, and Walt's car, and of the people who had been with them.

The crushed pile of twisted metal that had once been Ralph's Chevy was on its back in the ditch, its wheels up like the paws of a dead dog. Two of the wheels were smashed, and two were turning slowly. Something that looked like a limp, ripped-open bag of laundry hung halfway out of a rear window.

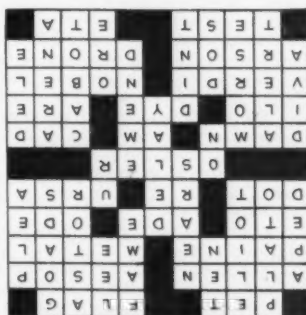
The motor of Ralph's car had been driven back through the frame of the car, and its weight had made a fatal spear of the steering column. Somewhere in the mashed tangle of metal wood and torn upholstery was Ralph. And deeper yet in the pile of mangled steel, wedged in between jagged sheet steel on one side, and red hot metal on the other, was what had been the shapely black head and dainty face of LaVerne.

Walt's car had spun around after being hit, and had rolled over and over along the highway. It had left a trail of shattered glass, metal, and dark, motionless shapes that had been broken open like paper bags before they rolled to a stop. These were . . . had been . . . Walt's laughing passengers.

Ted O'Day, flashlight in hand, ran back to Bud's car. Ted was smeared with dirt and blood, his hands were torn, his eyes filled with horror. "Bud! Quick! Get Doc Hollis as fast as you can. Chuck's still alive!"

Bud stood by his car rigid with shock, his eyes staring. O'Day repeated his words, shaking Bud to make him hear. Snapped from his appalling trance,

### Crossword Puzzle Answer



Sure, you can turn this upside down if you want to. But why peek and spoil your fun? Puzzle is on inside back cover of this issue.

Bud tried to speak. The effort brought forth no words, but turning and falling across the front fender of his car he was horribly sick. As though he only then realized what had happened, he punctuated his retching with hoarse animal-like screams.

Ted O'Day grabbed Bud by his shoulder and pulled him to his feet. "Snap out of it, Bud! Chuck needs help! Don't get hysterical now!" Holding him with one hand, Ted slapped him sharply in the face several times.

Bud came to his senses enough to stop his throat-tearing yells and subside into a choked, terrified, yet normal weeping.

"Get the doctor," Ted repeated. "Maybe we can save Chuck. Please, Bud."

Bud looked at the road and the wrecked cars. He shuddered, and lost ground. "I can't," he moaned. "They're in the road. I saw them. I saw them."

Ted shook him roughly. "I moved the bodies," Ted gritted. "Go on, Bud! And listen. Come back in my patrol car. I'll need it. Now go, boy. For God's sake, go!"

The doctor paused only to put in a call for an ambulance, then drove to the scene of the double wreck. Bud, remembering what he had been told, stopped at Jake's and picked up the patrol car. Shaking with fear, he drove back to the accident, trying not to look, or to think.

Doc Hollis examined Chuck by the light of his car's headlights. "The boy has a chance, Officer. If the ambulance gets here and back to the hospital in time, that is. He needs blood and he needs it fast. And that's not all."

O'Day looked up. "Can he ride in my car? In the back?"

The doctor nodded. "But every minute is precious. I don't know. . . . It's a long way to the hospital in Trenton. If this boy isn't there within an hour, he's done for."

"He'll be there in half an hour," O'Day said grimly. "Let's put him in my car. Then you go back to your office and call the police in every town between here and Trenton. Tell them we're coming through."

Bud sat helpless and staring in the patrol car as Chuck was put in the back seat. O'Day came around and gripped Bud by the arm. "Look, Bud. Chuck's life depends on how fast we can get him to the hospital in Trenton. I'm going to be in back with him, and I want you to make this the fastest run in your life."

Bud shook his head slowly, stupidly. "I . . . can't . . . drive fast. I can't . . ."

"You will!" O'Day's face was terrible as he dug his fingers in Bud's shoulders. "You will! You'll start this car and get us there, do you hear? Chuck's life . . . !"

Chuck groaned softly from the back seat, and that sound seemed to bring Bud out of his dream-like lethargy. "Chuck's . . . life. . . ." Bud said tightly. "Trenton . . . I can do it. I can do it. I'll get my car. It's faster than . . ."

"Take this one," O'Day snapped, getting in back with Chuck. "I'll show you how you can make a faster trip with this car even if yours will run away from it. See that button? Hit that and your red light and siren go on. You'll have a clear track with that, Bud. Nothing can beat it. Get going!"

Bud got going. He hit the button when he was in high, and the thin, rising wail of the siren came to his ears.

Traffic melted before him. Cars and trucks that would have held him up had he been in his own car, now pulled out of the way to let him by. No matter what the obstruction, it seemed to give way before the scream of his siren and the flashing of his light. Never before had he driven with such a sense of security, of righteousness.

He flashed through a small town, fleetingly aware of a policeman blocking side traffic at one intersection so he could get through.

Out in the dark country again, driving over a road he knew by heart.

Bud flashed through Holcomb with his foot all the way down, and there were the Holcomb cops again. This time they didn't shoot at him. They had cleared the road for him, and waved as he went by.

At last, his hands cramped, his eyes tired, his body aching, his ears deafened from the sound of the siren, Bud was in Trenton, flying over the streets, turning in at the hospital, where everything was waiting.

When Chuck had been carried away Bud sat down on the ground and put his trembling hands over his face. The run was over.

Ted O'Day sat down beside Bud. "Twenty-seven minutes," he said.

"What?"

"You made it in twenty-seven minutes. See what I meant when I said my car was faster than yours?"

"Yeah," Bud said. "I see. But . . . why didn't you drive? Why me?"

"Maybe because I couldn't have made it that fast," Ted answered.

"You could have. Any good driver could have—with that siren on his side."

"Maybe," Ted said, "I asked you to drive because I was trying to save two boys."

"Two?"

"Chuck and you."

"I don't understand."

"You thought you'd lost your touch behind the wheel," O'Day said. "You just proved you hadn't. You proved to me you can't be licked behind the wheel, Bud."

"But I was."

"Not behind the wheel, Bud. Under the hat. Remember?"

Bud reached up and touched his pinned-up fedora.

"Yeah."

"Even if Chuck lives," O'Day went on, "he won't be able to compete in the state Roadoe. As the alternate you'll go. This run showed you that you can believe in your ability to handle a car. Bud, be a sport. Give us a chance to put victory under your hat, too."

Bud breathed deeply. "All right. I don't care what anybody says, I'll let you and Mr. Cole teach me. They can make all the fun they . . ." Bud stumbled to a halt. He'd forgotten, and now, suddenly, he remembered. "I . . . I . . . guess there's nobody left to make fun any more," he said in a tight little voice. And for the first time he mourned as he cried.

### The Winner

A few days later it was over. Bud drove home with Ted and Guy Cole in the front seat with him.

"Well, Bud," Guy Cole said. "Now that you won, how about telling us the secret. Was it prayer? We saw your lips moving."

Bud laughed, a hearty, ringing laugh. "I'm almost ashamed to tell you."

"Go on," Ted urged. "What was your secret?"

"Remember," Bud said to Mr. Cole, "the day we left the hospital after seeing Chuck? We said what a nice, courteous, thoughtful fellow he'd always been?"

"Yes."

"Well, I thought what a shame it was he'd missed his chance in the Roadoe, and then decided that he would drive in it after all. Even though my hands were on the wheel, I decided that I would drive with Chuck's brain."

O'Day looked worried. "Bud, do you feel all right, boy?"

"Wonderful."

Mr. Cole began to smile.

"I hadn't driven a mile," Bud went on, "before I realized that I'd found my weak spot in driving. As long as I was Chuck, everything was fine. I tried to . . . well, to filter every experience through the courtesy and thoughtfulness that Chuck has. And it worked. The moment I started giving the other fellow a chance, and reaching for the brake instead of the horn, I knew I'd found the answer."

"That's how I won the Roadoe. As I drove through the tests, I kept telling myself that I was Chuck, and that Chuck was the one behind the wheel. And I played hard enough so that it was Chuck. When I did it that way, I automatically did the courteous and thoughtful thing and that was the right thing. It's easy. That's all there is to good driving."

# What Do You Remember?

## A Quiz Based on the Contents of This Issue

### Nonstop to the Moon

Here's an exciting essay that forecasts a possible *constructive* use of atomic power. Are you "briefed" on the conditions of lunar travel in the world of the future? Write A if the statement agrees with the essay, D if it doesn't.

- 1. On the return trip from the moon, baggage must not exceed 40 pounds.
- 2. It takes five days to get to Lunar Base.
- 3. Before boarding the "ship," passengers are probed with a magnetic detector for radioactive objects.
- 4. Plastic flowers are not allowed on Lunar Base.
- 5. Lunar Base is a system of caves and transparent domes.
- 6. A passenger's "effective acceleration" is his weight multiplied by four.
- 7. "Ship" take-offs and landings are controlled by hand.
- 8. During the four-gravities period of interspace travel, a passenger weighs nothing at all.
- 9. On the moon, there are three weeks of sunlight and one week of night.
- 10. There's no air to carry sound.

### Rawhide

It's very likely that you never went prospecting for gold in the mountains of Idaho! Even so, match the following by writing the number of the correct definition in the space opposite each letter.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>—a. bonanza</li> <li>—b. reagent</li> <li>—c. outcrop</li> <li>—d. grubstake</li> <li>—e. placer</li> </ul> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. supplies or funds furnished a prospector on the promise of a share in his finds</li> <li>2. obtain particles of gold (from gravel or a like deposit) by washing</li> <li>3. rich mass of ore</li> <li>4. chemical substance used by prospectors to detect ore</li> <li>5. emergence of a vein of ore at the surface of the ground</li> <li>6. gold-refining process</li> </ol> |
|--|--|

### As the Eagle Kills

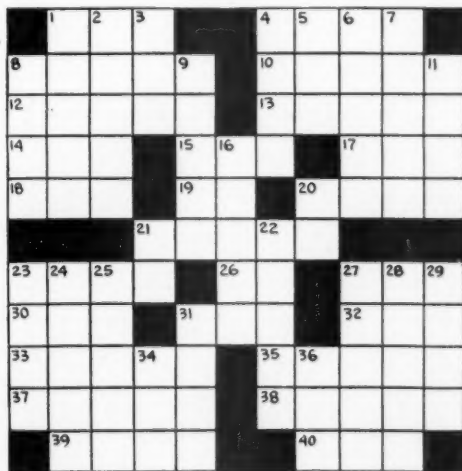
In his swift-paced, absorbing story, Hal G. Evarts shows that it takes more than a gun and a "feeling" for the game to make a great hunter. These choice questions will test how alert you were about places, people, and incidents in the story. In the space opposite each letter, write the number of the correct answer.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>—a.</li> <li>—b.</li> <li>—c.</li> <li>—d.</li> <li>—e.</li> </ul> | <p>"As the Eagle Kills" is laid in: 1. India; 2. Tibet; 3. Iran.</p> <p>Nongba has agreed to capture the golden eagle in exchange for 1,000 rupees and his employer's American: 1. binoculars; 2. hunting knife; 3. rifle.</p> <p>The hunt leads him into the territory of the hostile: 1. Ge-shes; 2. Drokwas; 3. Minyas.</p> <p>The climax of this story is: 1. a duel; 2. Nongba's release by his captors; 3. the capture of the eagle.</p> <p>In the end, Nongba amazes the American by: 1. recognizing the eagle as a national symbol; 2. refusing the thousand rupees; 3. offering to go on a second eagle-hunt.</p> |
|---|--|

### Answers in Teacher Lesson Plan

## Hall of Fame

● There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (\*) are taken from the names of well-known people. See how many of these starred words you can get. Allow yourself four points for each starred word (there are 14) and one point for each of the others. If you get all the starred words, give yourself a bonus of ten points for a total score of 100. You'll find the bonus easy to make. Answers are on page 31, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?



### ACROSS

1. Animal friend.
4. Banner.
8. \*Conqueror of Ticonderoga: Ethan —.
10. \*Deformed Greek slave, author of *Fables*.
12. \*American pamphleteer of Revolutionary fame, author of *Common Sense*: Thomas —.
13. Element which can be hammered, or drawn into wire.
14. Abbrev. for "European Theatre of Operations."
15. \*American humorist, author of *Fables in Slang*: George —.
17. Serious lyric poem.
18. Don't forget to — your i's.
19. Concerning.
20. The Big Dipper is known as — Major.
21. \*Famous Canadian doctor: Sir William —.
23. Condemn.
26. I —, you are, he is.
27. Ill-bred, vulgar fellow.
30. Abbrev. for International Labor Organization.
31. To color or tint.
32. We —, you —, they — (present of "to be").
33. \*Famous Italian operatic composer, Giuseppe —.
35. \*Inventor of dynamite and founder of prizes in arts, sciences, and peace.
37. Intentional burning of a building.
38. Male bee.
39. Examination.
40. Greek letter "a."

### DOWN

1. \*Greek philosopher, disciple of Socrates.
2. \*Pen name of Mary Ann Evans, author of *Silas Marner*: George —.
3. Number of commandments.
4. Renown.
5. \*Greatest of the Confederate generals.
6. \*Founder of the American Fur Co. was John Jacob —.
7. Spurs.
8. Mimicked.
9. Approaches.
11. Prayer.
16. Postpone.
20. Famous Biblical Babylonian city.
21. Above.
22. Correct a piece of writing.
23. Opera singer.
24. On the watch.
25. \*Inventor of the telegraph.
27. \*John —, discoverer of North America in 1497.
28. Place for athletic contest.
29. Take out a letter in proof reading.
31. Force or power, as in "by — of much effort."
34. \*American novelist: John — Passos.
36. Metallic rock.

# Chucklebait

For the people living behind the Iron Curtain, life offers very few bright moments in the eyes of an American. Still they manage—secretly, of course—to make bitter little jokes that kid the Red regime, the poverty of the people, the personalities in power, and the fear of persecution. Jokes have a way of traveling, and these jokes were brought in by refugees from the Soviet Union and its satellites.

## Don't Believe What You See

The commissar of a village near Moscow was reporting on recent progress in the capital. After he had finished describing a huge dormitory being erected on one of the main avenues, he was interrupted by a member of the audience. "I was in Moscow yesterday," said the man, "and I walked down that avenue. There was no sign of the building."

"Comrade," thundered the commissar, "you should walk about less and read the newspapers more carefully."

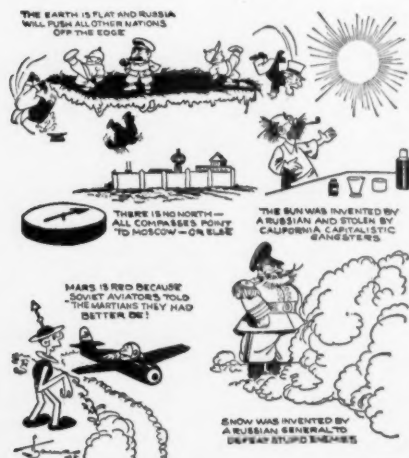
## Call That Living?

A stranger in Moscow met an old decrepit peddler. "How old are you?" he asked the peddler.

"Thirty-one."

The stranger cocked an eye. "You look much older."

"Well," replied the peddler, "I was born in 1889, Comrade—but these last thirty years, you can't call that living, can you?"



Russia Revises the Sciences

Detroit News

## A Dog's Life

Once a French, an English, and a Russian dog met in Switzerland. Each had run away from its native land. The dogs hung around a lamppost chatting, each relating why he had run away.

*French Dog:* "Things are tough. Only the rich can afford to enjoy life. All I got was horse meat."

*British Dog:* "The Labor Party's austerity program got me down."

*Russian Dog:* "We had plenty of everything. Enough to eat, enough to drink, a bone now and then. But after all, a fellow does feel like barking once in a while."

## Scramble

A recent joke out of Bucharest concerns Ana Pauker, Communist boss of Rumania, and two of her henchmen. The three were in a plane over Bucharest. One of the Communist leaders threw out a loaf of bread and scores of people below fought for it. Another tossed out a box of sugar and hundreds scrambled for what remained of it. Ana dropped a handful of coins and started a riot.

At this point the pilot turned to the co-pilot and said: "Want to see all the people of Bucharest jump with joy?"

"Sure!"

"Throw out Ana."

## Good Luck

In the Soviet zone of Germany, a German and a Russian were discussing the German language. "Why," asked the Russian, "do you say, 'The Lord be praised'? What does the Lord have to do with it when you are lucky?"

"What do you say," asked the German, "when you have been very fortunate?"

"We say, 'Stalin be praised.' He gives us the possibility of being fortunate."

"But what if Stalin died?" inquired the German. "What would you say then?"

The Russian thought a moment. "Then we would also say, 'The Lord be praised.'"

## Mission Completed

A Russian named Ivanov was once sent on a business trip to various countries in Europe. A few days after he left, his office received a telegram sent from Bucharest, which read: "Business completed. Long live free Rumania!" A few days later another telegram arrived, this time from Sofia. "Business completed. Long live free Bulgaria!" A week later came a telegram from Budapest. "Business concluded. Long live free Hungary!" Then there was no news for several weeks until the following message arrived: "I'm in Paris. Long live free Ivanov!"

GET ON THE LIST! Make sure your teacher has ordered your copies of Literary Cavalcade for this semester or for the school year.